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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the Peninsular War. By R. Southey, Esq. LL.D. Vol. III. 4to. pp. 936. London, 1832. Murray.

THIS great historical work is now happily concluded, and we have the published termination of the author's labours before us. The Peninsular war, most glorious for England, is a theme which may well delight and animate her sons; and its events are here related in that style of perspicacity and simplicity which is most consonant to effect as well as to truth. The narrative beguiles us onward through the account of operations, of sieges, of battles, of popular resistance, of cruelties, and of horrors; till, at the close of even so voluminous a production, we feel as if we had read only a brief tale, and long again to begin another of similar variety and interest. But as we have had occasion to deliver our opinion on the preceding parts, we shall now do our best duty by allowing the present volume to speak for itself. It commences in May 1810, and ends with the conclusion of the war, the return of Ferdinand to Madrid, and of the victorious Wellington to his native land. It was in 1810 that the guerilla warfare, first commenced by Don Juan Martin Diez, the famous Empecinado, was organised and became a national system; and Dr. Southey's details of these afford us ample food for extract as specimens of his performance.

"These parties began to be formed immediately after Buonaparte swept the land before him to Madrid, and from that time they continued to increase in numbers and activity, as the regular armies declined in reputation and in strength. The enemy made a great effort to put them down after the battle of Ocaña, and boasted of having completely succeeded, because the guerillas disappeared before them, dispersing whenever they were in danger of being attacked by a superior force. There was nothing in their dress to distinguish them from the peasantry; every one was ready to give them intelligence or shelter; they knew the country perfectly; each man shifted for himself in time of need; and when they re-assembled at the appointed rallying place, so far were they from being dispirited by the dispersion, that the ease with which they had eluded the enemy became a new source of confidence. They became more numerous and more enterprising after it had been seen how little loss they sustained, when, for a time, the intrusive government made it its chief object to extirpate them; their escapes, as well as their exploits, were detailed both in the official and provincial gazettes; and the leaders became known in all parts, not of Spain only, but of Europe, by their own names, or the popular appellations which had been given them indicative of their former profession or personal appearance. *El Manco*, the man with a maimed arm, commanded one band; the *Old Man of Sereña* another. There was *el Frayle*, the Friar; *el Cura*, the Priest; *el Medico*, the Doctor; *el*

Cantarero, the Potter; *el Cocinero*, the Cook; *el Pastor*, the Shepherd; *el Abuelo*, the Grandfather. One chief was called *el Chaleco*, from the fashion of his waistcoat; he won for himself a better reputation than might have been expected from such an appellation: another obtained the name of *Chamberg*, from his slouched hat. Names of worse import appear among them; there was the *Malalma*, the Bad Soul, de Aibar, and the *Ladron*, the Robber, de Lumbier. A large portion of the men who engaged under these leaders were soldiers who had escaped in some of the miserable defeats to which the rashness of the government and the incapacity of their generals had exposed them; or who had deserted from the regular army to this more inviting service. Smugglers also, a numerous and formidable class of men, now that their old occupation was destroyed, took to the guerilla life, and brought to it the requisites of local knowledge, hardiness, and audacity, and the quick sense of sight and hearing which they had acquired in carrying on their dangerous trade by night. But the greater number were men who, if circumstances had permitted, would have passed their life usefully and contentedly in the humble stations to which they were born; labourers, whom there were now none to employ,—retainers, who partook the ruin of the great families to which they and their ancestors had been attached;—owners or occupiers of land, whose fields had been laid waste, and whose olive-yards destroyed; and the whole class of provincial tradesmen, whose means of subsistence were cut off, happy if they had only their own ruin and their country's quarrel to revenge, and not those deeper injuries of which dreadful cases were continually occurring wherever the enemy were masters. Monks, also, and friars, frocked and unfrocked, were among them: wherever the convents were suppressed, and their members forbidden to wear the habit on pain of death, which was done in all the provinces that the French overran, the young took arms, the old employed themselves in keeping up the spirit of the people; and the intrusive government paid dearly for the church property, when those who had been previously supported by it exchanged a life of idleness for one of active exertion in the national cause, some to preach a crusade against the invaders, others to serve in it. These, whom oppression had driven out from the cloister, were not the only religionists who took arms. Not a few in the parts of the country which were still free took the opportunity, precious to them, of escaping from the servitude to which they were bound, disgusted with the follies of their profession, sick of its impositions, or impatient of its restraints. Public opinion encouraged them in this course; the multitude ascribing their conduct to a religious zeal for their country, while those who wished for the reformation of the abuses which had prepared the way for all this evil, were glad to see this disposition manifest itself in a class of men whom they justly regarded as one of the pests of Spain. The general of the Fran-

ciscans applied to Mendizabal to deliver up a friar who had enlisted in his army; but the application was so little in accord with the spirit of the times, that Mendizabal's answer was read with universal approbation by the Spaniards. 'The head of the Franciscans,' said that commander, 'must have forgotten what Cardinal Ximenes de Cisneros did when he commanded the army which took Oran. If that prelate in those days thought of nothing but destroying the Koran, and substituting the Gospel in its stead, what would he do now, when the religion of our fathers and our mother country is in danger? I have taken a lesson from his eminency. Let the present head of the order send me a list of all the brethren capable of bearing arms, not forgetting himself, if he is fit for service, and we will march together and free our religion and our country. Inspire then your friars, that they may be agents in this noble work, putting away all kind of sloth; and let no other cry be heard than that of 'War against the tyrant, freedom for our religion, our country, and our beloved Ferdinand!'' While this course was taken by the monks and friars, it is related of the nuns in the subjected parts of the country, that they passed the nights in praying for the success and deliverance of their countrymen, and the days in preparing medicines and bandages for the sick and wounded French."

Among other instances of heroic virtue it is recorded—

"Lorenzo Teyxeyro, an inhabitant of Granada, who had performed the dangerous service of communicating intelligence to the nearest Spanish general, was discovered, and might have saved his life if he would have named the persons through whom the communication was carried on; but he was true to them, as he had been to his country, and suffered death contentedly. The other instance was attended with more tragic circumstances. Captain Vicente Moreno, who was serving with the mountaineers of Ronda, was made prisoner, carried to Granada, and there had the alternative proposed to him of suffering by the hangman, or entering into the intruder's service. Sebastiani shewed much solicitude to prevail upon this officer, having, it may be believed, some feeling of humanity, if not some fore-feeling of the opprobrium which such acts of wickedness draw after them in this world, and of the account which is to be rendered for them in the next. Moreno's wife and four children were, therefore, by the general's orders, brought to him when he was upon the scaffold, to see if their entreaties would shake his resolution; but Moreno, with the courage of a martyr, bade her withdraw, and teach her sons to remember the example which he was about to give them, and to serve their country, as he had done, honourably and dutifully to the last. This murder provoked a public retaliation which the Spaniards seldom exercised, but, when they did, upon a tremendous scale. Gonzalez, who was member in the Cortes for Jaen, had served with Moreno, and loved him as such a man deserved

to be loved; and by his orders seventy French prisoners were put to death at Marbella. So wicked a system as that which Buonaparte's generals unrelentingly pursued could nowhere have been exercised with so little prospect of success, and such sure effect of calling forth a dreadful vengeance, as among the Spaniards. Against such enemies they considered all means lawful; this was the feeling not here alone, but throughout the body of the nation; the treacherous commencement of the war on the part of the French, and the systematic cruelty with which it had been carried on, discharged them, they thought, from all observances of good faith or humanity towards them; and upon this principle they acted to its full extent. The labourer at his work in the fields or gardens had a musket concealed at hand, with which to mark the Frenchman whom ill fortune might bring within his reach. Boys, too young to be suspected of any treachery, would lead a party of the invaders into some fatal ambushade; women were stationed to give the signal for beginning the slaughter, and that signal was sometimes the hymn to the Virgin! Not fewer than 8000 French are said to have been cut off in the mountains of Ronda. There, however, it was more properly a national than a guerrilla warfare; the work of destruction being carried on less by roving parties than by the settled inhabitants, who watched for every opportunity of vengeance."

In La Mancha—"One adventurer raised himself to respectability and rank by his services, though known by the unpromising appellation of *El Chaleco*. Francisco Abad Moreno was his name. He began his career as a common soldier, and escaping from some rout, joined company with two fugitives of his own regiment, and began war upon his own account. Their first exploit was to kill an enemy's courier and his escort; and shortly afterwards, having added two recruits to his number, he presented to the Marquess of Villafraña, at Murcia, five carts laden with tobacco, quicksilver, and plate, which he had taken from the French, and the ears of thirteen Frenchmen who had fallen by their hands! His party increased as his name became known; and he cut off great numbers of the enemy, sometimes in Murcia, sometimes in La Mancha, intercepting their convoys and detachments. Shewing as little mercy as he looked for, and expecting as little as he shewed, he faced with desperate or ferocious courage the danger from which there was no escape by flight, swimming rivers when swollen by rain, or employing any means that might give him the victory. On one occasion he broke a troop of the French by discharging a blunderbuss loaded with five-and-thirty bullets; it brought down nine of the enemy, according to his own account, and he received so severe a contusion on the shoulder from the recoil, that it entirely disabled him for a time; but the party was kept together under his second in command, Juan de Bacas, and its reputation enhanced by greater exploits."

But there were some melancholy contrasts to these devoted efforts.

"As in times of pestilence or earthquake, wretches are found obdurate enough in wickedness to make the visitation a cover for their guilt, and enrich themselves by plunder, so now, in the anarchy of Spain, they whose evil disposition had been restrained, if not by efficient laws, yet in some degree by the influence of settled society, abandoned themselves, when that control was withdrawn, to the impulses of their own evil hearts. These banditti plundered and murdered indiscriminately all who

fell into their hands. * * * Of the wretches whom this dissolution of government let loose upon mankind, the banditti were the boldest, but not the worst. A more extraordinary and flagitious course was chosen by José Pedrazuela, who had been an actor at Madrid. He assumed the character of a commissioner under the legislative government; and being acknowledged as such in the little town of Ladrada in Extremadura, condemned and executed, under a charge of treason, any persons whom for any motive he chose to destroy: the victims were carried at night to a wood, where their graves had been made ready, and there their throats were cut, or they were shot, or beaten to death. The people supposing him to be actually invested with the authority which he assumed, submitted to him in terror, as the French had done to Colloet d'Herbois and the other monsters whom this Pedrazuela was imitating. His wife, Maria Josefa Garcia della Valle, was privy to the imposture, and, if possible, exceeded him in cruelty. Before they could withdraw, as they probably designed to do when they had sufficiently enriched themselves, Castaños heard of their proceedings, and instantly took measures for arresting them in their career of blood. They were brought to trial at Valencia de Alcantara: thirteen of these midnight murders were proved against them; it was said that in the course of three months they had committed more than three-score. The man was hanged and quartered, the woman strangled by the *garrote*. The Spaniards had not brought upon themselves the guilt of revolution—but they were visited by all its horrors!"

Of these enough: our next selection describes an act of another and a superstitious kind, and of which we do not remember to have previously heard: the date is August 1812, after the deliverance of Seville.

"The barefooted Carmelites in Cadiz presented a memorial, stating that Philip III. and the Cortes of 1617, had chosen St. Teresa for patroness and advocate of Spain, under the Apostle Santiago, that the nation in all its emergencies might invoke her, and avail itself of her intercession. At that time the saint had only been beatified; but her canonisation shortly afterwards took place, and then the Cortes of 1626 published the decree, which was confirmed by Pope Urban VIII., without prejudice to the rights of Santiago, St. Michael the Archangel, and the most Holy Virgin. Jealous, nevertheless, of the imprescriptible rights of their own saint, the chapter of Compostella exerted their influence at Rome with such success, that the decree was suspended against the wishes both of the king and Cortes. That wish, however, continued in the royal family; and Charles II., in a codicil to his will, declaring that he had always desired to establish the co-patronship of St. Teresa for the benefit of his kingdom, charged his successors to effect it. The Carmelites now urged that at no time could it more properly be effected than at the present, when her potent patronage was needed against invaders, who sowed the seeds of impiety wherever they carried their arms. This memorial was referred to a special ecclesiastical commission; and in conformity to the opinion of that commission the Cortes elected St. Teresa patroness and protectress, under Santiago, of those kingdoms—decreed that her patronship should forthwith take effect—enjoined all archbishops, bishops, and prelates, to see that the correspondent alterations should be made in the ritual for the saint's day—and required the regency to give orders for print-

ing, publishing, and circulating this decree. The community of the barefooted Carmelites then returned thanks for this appointment of their mother the saint. 'It was a decree,' they said, 'which would fill all the natives of those kingdoms with consolation and hope; and they flattered themselves that from that moment Spain would experience the powerful intercession of its new protectress.' 'My great mother, S. Teresa de Jesus, co-patroness of the Spains!' exclaimed the prior, in an address, which was printed among the proceedings of the Cortes, 'the very idea makes me eternally bless the law that sanctions it. This has been a business of much time, an affair of some ages, a work of many and mighty hands; but the glory of completing it has been reserved for the fathers of the country, for the congress of lights, for your majesty the Cortes, which has been the glorious instrument of this work of the Eternal. And it was fitting that the country of heroes should have the heroine of nations at its head, who, like another mother of the Maccabees, should encourage its sons to triumph and to glory. This Deborah is not less sage than she who judged Israel—not less valiant; and the Baraks who will come forward under her protection will not be intimidated by danger. She is not a Moabitess to pervert the armies of Israel. She is a Jael, who will destroy the forces of *Sennacherib*—a Semiramis, who will overthrow the hosts of the sanguinary Cyrus. At the sight of this fortunate Esther, Spain would lift her head and conceive higher hopes. The unanimous consent of the whole nation, the vows of the Spaniards of both hemispheres, would rise to heaven, and uniting themselves at this moment with the intercessions of their great co-patroness, form that imperious voice which commands the winds and the tempests, rules the seas, makes itself felt in the dark regions of the abyss, and ascending the eternal mountain of the Lord, puts aside the decree of extermination that threatens us, substitutes for it that of our aggrandisement and elevation, and brings a blessing upon those judicious, prudent, and sage Mordecais, whose wise resolution has been the cause of this portent.' In this language did the descendants of the prophets who dwelt on Mount Carmel, the children of the great Teresa, offer upon the altar of gratitude the incense of their respect and veneration to the Cortes!"

We now turn to the author's remarks on the restoration of the king, and select an example of their quality and spirit.

May 1814.—"If Ferdinand had now performed the promises which were distinctly made in his declaration, he might have averted much, if not all, of the subsequent danger which he incurred, and the just reproaches which will be attached to his name in history. It ought not to be said that in making those promises he had no intention of fulfilling them; for though he scrupled at no dissimulation when under duress, they were voluntary in this case, and the temper of the nation, then unequivocally declared, was such, that no purpose was to be gained by it. Ferdinand was a person of narrow mind, and his heart seems to have been incapable of generous feeling; but he was not a wicked man; nor would he have been a bad king, if he had met with wise ministers, and had ruled over an enlightened people. On the two important subjects of civil and religious freedom he and the great body of the nation were in perfect sympathy,—both, upon both subjects, imbued with error to the core; and the popular feeling in both cases outran

his. The word Liberty (*Libertad*) appeared in large bronze letters over the entrance of the Hall of the Cortes in Madrid. The people, of their own impulse, hurried thither to remove it; they set up ladders, forced out letter by letter from the stone, and as each was thrown into the street, the spectators renewed their shouts of exultation. They collected as many of the journals of the Cortes, and of the papers and pamphlets of the *Liberales*, as could be got together; formed a procession in which the religious fraternities, and the clergy regular and secular, took the lead; piled up these papers in one of the public squares, and sacrificed them there as a political *auto-da-fé*, after which high mass was performed and *Te Deum* sung, as a thanksgiving for their triumph. The Stone of the Constitution, as it was called, was every where removed, and replaced as it had been at Valencia. The people at Seville deposed all the existing authorities, elected others in their stead to all the offices which had existed under the old system, and then required those authorities to re-establish the Inquisition. In re-establishing that accursed tribunal by a formal act of government, in suppressing the freedom of the press, which had been abused to its own destruction, and in continuing to govern not merely as an absolute monarch, but as a despotic one, Ferdinand undoubtedly complied with the wishes of the Spanish nation. He did these things conformably to his own misguided conscience and weak judgment, as well as to his inclinations; and for so doing he was, by the voice of the people, a patriotic and popular king. In all this he cannot justly be charged with any thing worse than error of judgment; fearfully injurious indeed in its consequences, but in the individual to be pitied as well as pardoned. But, in his treatment of the more conspicuous persons among the *Liberales*, whom he condemned to strict and long imprisonment, many of them for life, he brought upon himself an indelible reproach, and incurred the guilt of individual sin. Quintana, who, more than any other person, contributed by his eloquent writings to excite and sustain the national spirit, and awaken the sympathy of other nations, was one of the victims thus sentenced; and his life is said to have been not the only one which was shortened by severe confinement."

The return to England of the triumphant conqueror, raised to a dukedom, enriched by rewards, and covered with honours, finely closes the scene; and we have great gratification in copying, though only a short passage or two, the glowing language in which it is told.

"In Gascony, as well as in Portugal and Spain, the Duke of Wellington's name was blessed by the people. Seldom, indeed, has it fallen to any conqueror to look back upon his career with such feelings! The marshal's staff, the dukedom, the honours and rewards which his prince and his country so munificently and properly bestowed, were neither the only nor the most valuable recompense of his labours. There was something more precious than these, more to be desired than the high and enduring fame which he had secured by his military achievements,—the satisfaction of thinking to what end those achievements had been directed;—that they were for the deliverance of two most injured and grievously oppressed nations;—for the safety, honour, and welfare, of his own country;—and for the general interests of Europe and of the civilised world. His campaigns were sanctified by the cause;—they were sullied by no cruelties, no crimes; the chariot-wheels of his triumphs

have been followed by no curses;—his laurels are entwined with the amaranths of righteousness, and upon his death-bed he might remember his victories among his good works. This is the great and inappreciable glory of England in this portion of its history, that its war in the Peninsula was in as strict conformity with the highest principles of justice as with sound state policy. No views of aggrandisement were entertained either at its commencement or during its course, or at its termination; conquests were not looked for, commercial privileges were not required. It was a defensive, a necessary, a retributive war; engaged in as the best means of obtaining security for ourselves, but having also for its immediate object 'to loose the bands of wickedness,' and to break the yoke of oppression, and 'to let the oppressed go free.' And this great deliverance was brought about by England, with God's blessing on a righteous cause. If France has not since that happy event continued to rest under a mild and constitutional monarchy,—if Spain has relapsed into the abuses of an absolute one,—if the Portuguese have not supported that character which they recovered during the contest,—it has been because in all these instances there were national errors which retained their old possession, and national sins which were not repented of. But the fruits of this war will not be lost upon posterity; for in its course it has been seen that the most formidable military power which ever existed in the civilised world was overthrown by resolute perseverance in a just cause; it has been seen also that national independence depends upon national spirit,—but that even that spirit in its highest and heroic degree may fail—if wisdom to direct it be wanting. * * * * *

These lessons have never been more memorably exemplified than in the Peninsular War; and for her own peculiar lesson, England, it may be hoped, has learned to have ever from thenceforth a just reliance, under Providence, upon her resources and her strength;—under Providence, I say, for if that support be disregarded, all other will be found to fail. My task is ended here; and if in the course of this long and faithful history it should seem that I have any where ceased to bear the ways of Providence in mind, or to have admitted a feeling, or given utterance to a thought inconsistent with glory to God in the highest, and good-will towards men, let the benevolent reader impute it to that inadvertence or inaccuracy of expression from which no diligence, however watchful, can always be secure; and as such let him forgive what, if I were conscious of it, I should not easily forgive in myself. *Laus Deo.*" Amen!

Pompeiana; or, Observations of the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii. By Sir William Gell, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. New Series. Part XII. Jennings and Chaplin.

THE present Part concludes this fine and interesting work. It is chiefly occupied with explanations of the vignettes, thirty in number, with which the various Parts have been adorned; but there is an appendix, containing among other things a description of the Herculanean manuscripts, so curious and valuable, that we cannot refrain from communicating it to our readers.

"The Herculanean manuscripts were found in a suburban villa in the year 1753, in a room of very small dimensions, which it is imagined had once a vaulted roof, to the strength of which has been attributed the preservation of

those precious papyri. Some others are said also to have been found in a corridor or portico of the same habitation, which opened into the garden; but whether this had a vaulted roof or not cannot now be known, and that circumstance seems at least very doubtful in the instance of the library. Winckelman relates that 800 manuscripts were found; but from the statement of the accurate Canonico Iorio, who thoroughly examined the subject, and published the result in the year 1826, it appears that 1756 were rescued from the ruins, without reckoning a considerable number which were destroyed by the workmen, who imagined that the volumes were of no more value than fragments of charcoal, and actually called the place in which they were found the Bottega del Carbonaro. The papyri were found, according to Iorio, ranged in presses or shelves round the sides of the room to about the height of a man, while in the centre of the floor stood a species of insulated rectangular column of books, fronting every way, not much unlike those which are frequently found, of a circular form, in the drawing-rooms of ladies in England. The papyri found in the country house near Herculaneum, according to the Canonico Iorio, from whose essay the whole of this information is obtained, were found in a small chamber paved with mosaic, and had been arranged in presses round the walls, or in a pier in the centre. The wood all crumbled when exposed to the air; and the workmen only began to suspect the papyri were not common charcoal when they observed the regularity of their disposition, and that one which broke into two parts had letters upon it. It must be remembered, that the excavation was carried on in a deep underground passage, without the advantage of daylight. It appears that some had stood in an erect, and others in a horizontal, position; and they were accordingly crushed in both directions. None were found with two umbilici, and many were without any, as they are presented in several ancient paintings. Instead of binding, a long slip of unwritten paper on the outside served to protect the book within. Many were found which were illegible, from having originally been written with pale ink. Some appeared to have been below the others, and to have been formed by the humidity into a hard and almost petrified substance. These were considered as quite hopeless, having become a well-united mass, scarcely to be penetrated by a needle. Others had a degree of durability equal to plumbago, and might have been used as chalks. The papyri are only written on one side, except in a single instance, where the roll was not sufficiently long. Some were absolutely powder; and when the dust was blown away, the writing disappeared; so that the Canonico Iorio calls them the ghosts of papyri. It appears that the Latin MSS. are more difficult to unroll than the Greek; so that of 2,366 columns and fragments already opened, only 40 are Latin. The length of the Greek papyri varies from eight to twelve inches. A Latin roll, besides being much thicker, often extends to sixteen. In both languages the columns or pages of writing formed compartments placed at a right angle with the length of the roll. The papyri of the ancients were formed by pasting a variety of shreds together at right angles to each other, so that what may be called the grain of one would be opposed in its disposition to tear longitudinally by the cross fibres of the other. It is easy to conceive, that when the damp of some centuries has thoroughly penetrated the whole mass of a volume, a fresh difficulty arises in the unrolling; as

what was originally a coating, only used to add substance to the paper, may now peel off for the operator instead of the inscribed face. Sir Humphry Davy, who employed himself a short time in observing the effects of a new process for unrolling the papyri, seemed to think they were not carbonised, and that the colour and substance produced by time resulted solely from humidity. That gentleman did not efface the characters by his process, as has been asserted on the spot; but, on the contrary, in the presence of the author, who was employed to copy the fragments, frequently added much to the brilliancy of letters scarcely discernible. Some of the manuscripts have been opened with so much difficulty, that it was found absolutely necessary to destroy the visible column, after having most carefully copied it, in order to arrive at the next; and the care, the patience, and the peculiar talent necessary in the process, are such, that those only who see it, and are aware of what has been done, can judge of the merit of those who are employed, and who are often accused of negligence and apathy by the passing traveller. Of the papyri, 371 were entire; 61 were nearly perfect; 161 wanted about one third of each roll. Of fragments, 1324 were found; and of those which had only the exterior perfect, 474 were discovered; but these had been cut half through, longitudinally, in order to discover their contents, their respective centres having been carefully preserved for a future opportunity. 332 volumes have been already tried, and of 542 taken from the shelves for the purpose of unrolling, 210 are well and neatly done; 127 are in a great measure finished, and 205 remain in the presses at the Museum, which are considered as hopeless. Of some MSS. the title only is as yet known, which was written in a larger character. A person named Papira, in the year 1786, endeavoured to open three of the MSS. Sir Humphry Davy is said to have had twenty placed at his disposal. Twenty were sent to England, among which were several of those petrified and useless; Mr. Sickler destroyed some of these in the attempt to open them. Mr. Hayter, who was sent by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in the year 1800, to Naples, is said to have tried 195 fragments of the papyri, and to have been five years employed in unrolling them. Whether these or any of them have appeared in the collection of Herculean MSS. published at Oxford in the year 1824, the absence of preface to the work leaves us in ignorance. The Treatise of Philodemus de Vitia, one of an anonymous author De Ira, another of Philodemus de Vitia atque Oppositis Virtutibus, and Demetrius de Poematibus, are there given in lithographic fac-simile. These are all found in the Neapolitan list as if existing at present at Naples. The English work is to be continued, and the second volume has already appeared. Seven papyri have been sent to France. Among the works now known to exist in this singular collection are the following, both in Greek and Latin, the names of which are copied from the interesting account of the Canonico Iorio, the author of this work not holding himself responsible for the orthography, which seems often erroneous.

Demetrius—de geometria—de poematis.
In Polymis difficultatibus.
Epicuri—de natura, lib. ii. xx.
Colotis in Lydiem Platonia.
Polystrati de temerario contemptu. Now interpreting.
Philodemi—de religione—de moribus—de Epicuro—de morte, lib. iv. De vitis, lib. i. De vitis atque oppositis virtutibus eorumque subjectis et objectis, lib. viii. De vitis—de musica—de conversatione—de Omeri—de ira—de divitiis—de poematis—de eo quod agendum est—de causa atque aliis rebus tractatus memorabiles. De moribus ac vitis, opus ex libro Zenonis contractum, seu de

dicendi libertate. De poematis. De rhetorica, lib. i. De rhetorica, lib. iv. pars. i. De rhetorica, lib. iv. pars. 2. De rhetorica. De rhetorica commentaria—De rhetorica—De Phoenicis atque signis. De philosophis—De gratia.

Carniad—amicabilia. Now interpreting.
Crisippi de providentia, lib. ii. Now interpreting.
Epicuri de natura. Now interpreting.
Anonymi de ira. Now interpreting.

This catalogue will suffice to give an idea of the library of the Epicurean philosopher of Herculaneum, for such he appears to have been. Among others now under examination, a papyrus on the subject of mythology calls Agamemnon a personification of Æther, Achilles of the Sun, Helen of the Earth, and Hector of Luna. The lucubrations of the author may be curious, but not such as will afford much knowledge or instruction. It is not impossible that some of these papyri may be original works, as no two are written in precisely the same character. Certain ciphers have been observed, which may have been the marks of the amanuensis at the conclusion of some MSS.

Several of the plates in this Part, especially the "Jupiter," the "Pelexus and Thetis," and the "Restoration of the Temple of Fortune," are eminently beautiful; and it is further ornamented with a "View of the Site of Pompeii," from a drawing by Mr. Havell, and a characteristic portrait of Sir William Gell, from a drawing by Mr. Uwins.

A Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation: illustrated with Maps. By J. R. McCulloch, Esq. 8vo. pp. 1143. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

THE industry and ability bestowed on this volume are altogether extraordinary; and it is in consequence a very extraordinary work. Unlike preceding publications of the same class, though it embraces all their information, it is extremely original, and displays the mind of a writer deeply imbued with a thorough knowledge of the most important subjects of which he treats—subjects, at this epoch, of great public interest. The Bank of England and the banking system; the East India Company, its charter and commerce; trade of every kind, with the questions of restriction, monopoly, currency, smuggling, &c.; in short, whatever either nationally or individually can be sought for as intelligence, in connexion with these inquiries, are explained, developed, and reasoned upon by Mr. McCulloch, from their first principles to their present states. The mass of useful and practical instruction to be gathered from his pages is, indeed, prodigious—from the simple description of commodities and manufactures, to the discussion of those abstract arguments which are so apt to puzzle the clearest heads. It is known that we do not always and entirely agree with the author; but even where we differ from him farthest, we are bound to acknowledge that he places matters before us in so enlightened a manner, shews so much sound sense, and, even in his (as it appears to us rather fanciful) theories, gives us so many striking points to ponder upon, and curious opinions to consider, that there are certainly few men of his day more deserving of public attention. With regard to the present comprehensive design, we may intimate what it is from the commencement of the preface.

"It has been the wish of the author and publishers of this work that it should be as extensively useful as possible. If they be not deceived in their expectations, it may be advantageously employed, as a sort of *vade mecum*, by merchants, traders, ship-owners, and shipmasters, in conducting the details of their re-

spective businesses. It is hoped, however, that this object has been attained without omitting the consideration of any topic, incident to the subject, that seemed calculated to make the book generally serviceable, and to recommend it to the attention of all classes. Had our object been merely to consider commerce as a science, or to investigate its principles, we should not have adopted the form of a dictionary. But commerce is not a science only, but also an *art* of the utmost practical importance, and in the prosecution of which a very large proportion of the population of every civilised country is actively engaged. Hence, to be generally useful, a work on commerce should combine practice, theory, and history. Different readers may resort to it for different purposes; and every one should be able to find in it clear and accurate information, whether his object be to make himself familiar with details, to acquire a knowledge of principles, or to learn the revolutions that have taken place in the various departments of trade. The following short outline of what the work contains may enable the reader to estimate the probability of its fulfilling the objects for which it has been intended:—It contains accounts of the various articles which form the subject-matter of commercial transactions. To their English names are, for the most part, subjoined their synonymous appellations in French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish, &c.; and sometimes, also, in Arabic, Hindoo, Chinese, and other eastern languages. We have endeavoured, by consulting the best authorities, to make the descriptions of commodities as accurate as possible; and have pointed out the tests or marks by which their goodness may be ascertained. The places where they are produced are also specified; the quantities exported from such places; and the different regulations, duties, &c. affecting their importation and exportation, have been carefully stated, and their influence examined. The prices of most articles have been given, sometimes for a lengthened period. Historical notices are inserted illustrative of the rise and progress of the trade in the most important articles; and it is hoped, that the information embodied in these notices will be found to be as authentic as it is interesting."

From the body of a work so vast and various—indeed from any dictionary—it is very difficult to select extracts which can sustain the part of fair and sufficient witnessing to its merits. We will, however, copy a few passages relative to the book-trade, which will shew how excellently facts and opinions are mingled by the writer.

"*Taxes on Literature.*—These taxes have been carried to such an extent in England as to be in the highest degree injurious. They are at once impolitic, oppressive, and unjust—impolitic, because they tend to obstruct the growth and diffusion of knowledge; oppressive, because they very frequently swallow up the entire reward of the labours of the most deserving persons; and unjust, because they are not proportioned to the value of the article on which they are laid, and are, indeed, much oftener paid out of capital than out of profit."

"On a late investigation into the affairs of an extensive publishing concern, it was found, that of 130 works published by it in a given time, *fifty had not paid their expenses*. Of the eighty that did pay, thirteen only had arrived at a second edition; but in most instances these second editions had not been profitable. In general it may be estimated, that of the books published, a *fourth do not pay their expenses*; and that only *one in eight or ten can be re-*

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printed with advantage. As respects pamphlets, we know we are within the mark when we affirm that not one in fifty pays the expenses of its publication! Now, when such is the fact, can any thing be more glaringly unjust than to impose the same duty on all works before they are published? In a very few cases, such duty may fall principally on the buyers, and be only a reasonable deduction from the profits of the author and publisher; but in a vast number more it swallows them up entirely; and in very many cases there are no profits for the duty to absorb, so that it falls wholly on the capital of the unfortunate author or publisher. Were the judges of the courts of law to decide cases by a throw of the dice, there would be quite as much of reason and justice in their decisions, as there has been in the proceedings of our finance ministers as to taxes on literature. If books must be taxed, let publishers be put under the surveillance of the excise; let them be obliged to keep an account of the books they sell, and let them be taxed accordingly; but do not let the loss arising from an unsuccessful literary speculation—and more than half such speculations are unsuccessful—be aggravated to a ruinous degree by the pressure of a system of taxation, than which there is nothing, even in Algiers, more unequal or oppressive. The reduction of the advertisement duty will do something to lessen this injustice. But the relief is most inadequate. It acknowledges without correcting the evil. Instead of being reduced, the advertisement duty ought to have been entirely repealed. It only amounts to about 170,000*l.* a year; and there cannot be a doubt that the loss of revenue occasioned by its repeal, and by the repeal of half the paper duty, would, at no distant period, be made up by the greater productiveness of the remaining duty on paper, resulting from its greater consumption. The advertisement duty presses very severely on all sorts of works, but particularly on pamphlets; it may, indeed, be said to have utterly destroyed the latter class of publications, in so far at least as they are a source of profit.

"The delivery of eleven copies to public libraries is exceedingly burdensome upon the more expensive class of works, of which small impressions only can be printed; eleven copies of such works would in many instances be a very fair profit for the author; and the obligation to make such a sacrifice has frequently, indeed, caused their publication to be abandoned. A tax of this sort would not be tolerable even were it imposed for a public purpose; but such is not the object of its imposition. Though called public, the libraries which receive the eleven copies are, with the exception of the British Museum, private establishments, belonging to particular corporations or institutions, and accessible only to their members. Why, when an author produces a book, should he be compelled to bestow copies of it on the libraries of Edinburgh and Dublin, and on the universities? On what principle can these bodies pretend to demand from him a portion of his property? Perhaps it might be expedient in order to insure the preservation of every work, that copies of it should be deposited, one in London, one in Edinburgh, and one in Dublin. Even this would be calling upon authors to make a considerable sacrifice for the public advantage. But to call upon them to sacrifice ten copies, exclusive of that given to the British Museum, for the benefit of so many private institutions, is a proceeding utterly at variance with every principle of justice. The law of other countries is, in this

respect, far preferable to ours. In America, Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria, only one copy of any work is required from the author; in France and Austria, two copies are required; and in the Netherlands, three. The governments of the most despotical states treat authors better than they have hitherto been treated by the legislature of England.

"From inquiries we have made, we believe it may be laid down that about 1500 volumes of new publications (exclusive of reprints, pamphlets, and periodical publications not in volumes) are annually produced in Great Britain; and, estimating the average impression of each volume at 750 copies, we have a grand total of 1,125,000 volumes; the value of which, if sold at an average publication price of 9*s.* a volume, would be 506,250*l.* The number of reprinted volumes, particularly of school-books, is very great; and if to these we add the reviews, magazines, pamphlets, and all other publications, exclusive of newspapers, the total publication value of the new works of all sorts, and new copies of old works, that are annually produced, may be estimated at about 750,000*l.* The old-book trade carried on in Great Britain is very extensive, and employs many dealers. The price of old books depends very much on their condition; but, independently of this circumstance, it is very fluctuating and capricious; equally good copies of the same works being frequently to be had in some shops for half or a third of what they can be bought for in others.

"Book-Trade of France.—The activity of the French press has been very greatly increased since the downfall of Napoleon. The Count Daru, in a very instructive work, *Notions Statistiques sur la Librairie*, published in 1827, estimated the number of printed sheets, exclusive of newspapers, produced by the French press in 1816, at 66,852,883; and in 1825, at 128,011,483! and we believe that the increase from 1825 down to the present period has been little if any thing inferior. The quality of many of the works that have recently issued from the French press is also very superior; and it may be doubted whether such works as the *Biographie Universelle*, the new and enlarged edition of the *Art de vérifier les Dates*, in 38 vols. octavo, and the two octavo editions of *Bayle's Dictionary*, could have been published in any other country. The greater number of new French works of merit, or which it is supposed will command a considerable sale, are immediately reprinted in the Netherlands, or Switzerland, but principally in the former. To such an extent has this piratical practice been carried, that it is stated in the *Requête* presented by the French booksellers to government in 1828, that a single bookseller in Brussels had, in 1825 and 1826, and the first six months of 1827, reprinted 318,615 volumes of French works! Having nothing to pay for copyright, these counterfeit editions can be afforded at a lower price than those that are genuine. This is a very serious injury to French authors and publishers, not only by preventing the sale of their works in foreign countries, but from the ease with which spurious copies may be introduced into France.

Our remaining selections refer to the interesting questions of the Bank and East India Company; and we have only to add, that they are but particles in the great account of the general information.

"Banks afford safe and convenient places of deposit for the money that would otherwise have to be kept, at a considerable risk, in private houses. They also prevent, in a great

measure, the necessity of carrying money from place to place on purpose of making payments, and enable them to be made in the most convenient and least expensive manner. A merchant or tradesman in London, for example, who employs a banker, keeps but very little money in his own hands, making all his considerable payments by drafts or checks on his banker; and he also sends the various checks, bills, or drafts, payable to himself in London, to his bankers before they become due. By this means he saves the trouble and inconvenience of counting sums of money, and avoids the losses he would otherwise be liable to, and would no doubt occasionally incur, from receiving coins or notes not genuine. Perhaps, however, the great advantage derived by the merchant or tradesman from the employment of a banker, consists in its relieving him from all trouble with respect to the presentation for payment of due bills and drafts. The moment these are transferred to the banker, they are at his risk; and if he either neglect to present them when due, or to have them properly noted, in the event of their not being paid, he has to answer for the consequences. This circumstance alone must cause an immense saving of expense to a mercantile house in the course of a year. Let us suppose that a merchant has only two bills due each day: these bills may be payable in distant parts of the town, so that it may take a clerk half a day to present them; and in large mercantile establishments it would take up the whole time of one or two clerks to present the due bills and the drafts. The salary of these clerks is therefore saved by keeping an account at a banker's; besides the saving of expense, it is also reasonable to suppose that losses upon bills would sometimes occur, from mistakes or oversights—from miscalculation as to the time the bill would become due—from errors in marking it up—from forgetfulness to present it—or from presenting it at the wrong place. In these cases the indorsers and drawees are exonerated; and if the acceptor do not pay the bill, the amount is lost. In a banking-house such mistakes occur sometimes, though more rarely; but when they do occur, the loss falls upon the banker, and not upon his customer. (*Gilbart's Practical Observations on Banking*.)—It is on other grounds particularly desirable for a merchant or tradesman to have an account with a banking-house. He can refer to his bankers as vouchers for his respectability; and in the event of his wishing to acquire any information with respect to the circumstances or credit of any one with whom he is not acquainted, his bankers will render him all the assistance in their power. In this respect they have great facilities, it being the common practice amongst bankers in London, and most other trading towns, to communicate information to each other as to the credit and solvency of their customers.

"The directors of the Bank of England do not allow any individual to overdraw his account. They answer drafts to the full extent of the funds deposited in their hands; but they will not pay a draft if it exceed their amount. Private bankers, at least in the country, are not generally so scrupulous; most of them allow respectable individuals, in whom they have confidence, to overdraw their accounts. Those who are entitled to do this have what is called an *overdrawing account*, paying interest at the rate of 5 per cent on whatever sums they overdraw. The possession of this power of overdrawing is often a great convenience to merchants, while it is rarely

productive of loss to the banker. The money which is overdrawn is usually replaced within a short period;—sometimes, indeed, in the course of a day or two. It is not very easy to see why the directors of the Bank of England should so strictly enforce the rule against over-drawing. There can be little doubt that it prevents them from getting a considerable accession of valuable business.

"The system of taking securities having been found to answer so well in the case of the Bank of England, is a powerful argument in favour of its extension. Were securities taken from the country banks, their ultimate failure, in the capacity of banks of issue, would be rendered impossible; and a degree of solidity would be given to our money system, which it is idle to expect it can ever attain, so long as it continues on its present footing.

"According to the existing law, all descriptions of notes are payable at the pleasure of the holder, in coin; but the policy of such a regulation is exceedingly questionable. It may, we think, be easily shewn, that it would be a very great improvement were it enacted, that country bank notes should be payable only in those of the Bank of England.

"Previously to 1759, the Bank of England issued no notes for less than 20*l*. She began to issue ten pound notes in 1759, five pound notes in 1793, and one and two pound notes in March 1797. The issue of the latter ceased in 1821."

In conclusion, we have but to repeat that we are not acquainted with a more valuable work, for what it purports to do, than this very important volume.

Mr. Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.

[Third notice: Conclusion—from p. 163.]

No remarks of ours can so well illustrate this volume as it illustrates itself. Witness the five following quotations—with which we conclude our too-long-postponed review:—

Long Vitality of Seeds.—"This was shewn in trenching for a plantation a part of Bushy Park, which had probably been undisturbed by the spade or plough since, and perhaps long before, the reign of Charles I. The ground was turned up in the winter, and in the following summer it was covered with a profusion of the tree mignonette, pansies, and the wild raspberry, plants which are no where found in a wild state in the neighbourhood; and in a plantation recently made in Richmond Park, a great quantity of the foxglove came up after some deep trenching. I observed a few years ago the same occurrence in a plantation in Devonshire, the surface of which was covered with the dark blue columbine, a flower produced in our gardens by cultivation, and, I believe, not known in this country in its wild state. A field also, which had previously little or no Dutch clover upon it, was covered with it after it had been much trampled upon, and fed down by horses; and it is stated from good authority, that if a pine-forest in America were to be cut down, and the ground cultivated, and afterwards allowed to return to a state of nature, it would produce plants quite different from those by which it had been previously occupied. So completely indeed is the ground impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface, from the lowest depth at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it. I have always considered this fact as one of the many surprising instances of the power and bounty of Almighty God, who has thus literally filled the earth with his goodness, by

storing up a deposit of useful seeds in its depths, where they must have lain through a succession of ages, only requiring the energies of man to bring them into action. In boring for water lately at a spot near Kingston-on-Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet; this earth was carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of any other seeds being deposited upon it; yet in a short time, plants vegetated from it. If quick lime be put upon land which from time immemorial has produced nothing but heather, the heather will be killed, and white clover spring up in its place. A curious fact was communicated to me, respecting some land which surrounds an old castle, formerly belonging to the Regent Murray, near Moffat. On removing the peat, which is about six or eight inches in thickness, a stratum of soil appears, which is supposed to have been a cultivated garden in the time of the Regent, and from which a variety of flowers and plants spring, some of them little known even at this time in Scotland."

Remarkable Coincidence in the Royal Hunt.

"It is sometimes very difficult to take stags for hunting. One fine stag was so powerful, and offered so much resistance, that two of his legs were broken in endeavouring to secure him, and he was obliged to be killed. One, who had shewn good sport in the royal hunt, was named 'Sir Edmund,' by his late Majesty, in consequence of Sir Edmund Nagle having been in at the 'take' after a long chase. This stag lived some years afterwards in the park; and it is a curious fact that he died the very same day on which Sir Edmund Nagle died."

Hares.—"Hares will try and find each other by the scent, as we see dogs hunt. I have disturbed a hare from her seat in the spring, during the breeding season, and when I have retired to a little distance, I have seen her followed, when she was no longer in sight, by a male. He has evidently traced her by the scent; and when he has been at fault, I have observed him make a cast, and hunt his ground as a dog would do, till he has again hit off the right way, and followed with the greatest eagerness."

Bats.—"It is probable that we had formerly a larger breed of bats in this country than we find at present. One of the workmen employed in the repairs of Cardinal Wolsey's Hall, in Hampton Court Palace, brought me the skeleton of a bat, which he found at the end of one of the rafters of the ceiling. The animal, when alive, must have been as large as a pigeon. The hooks were very strong. The natural history of the bat is very curious, and we have some particulars respecting it in M. St. Hilaire's work, to which I have already referred in speaking of the mole. The claws of the hind feet of the bat are all of an equal length, and thus better adapted for enabling the animal to suspend itself, which it does with the head downwards, that being its natural posture of repose. By adopting this attitude, the bat, on being disturbed, can readily disengage itself, and dropping into the air, can take flight immediately. If, on the contrary, the animal rested upon a surface, it is well known that it could not easily raise itself. Even if it perched with its head upwards, it could not disengage itself so readily, or be aware of the approach of danger, so soon as it does while resting with its head downwards. The wings of the bat serve them as a sort of mantle or cloak when at rest, and in which they sometimes also cover up their young, though they will at other times fly about with

two of them hanging to the breast in the act of sucking. The wings, by their delicate structure and extent, serve as feelers to the animal in guiding its flight in the dark."

Cows.—"It is a well-ascertained fact, that if a cow produces twins, one of which is a male and the other a female, the latter is never known to breed. She is called a 'free-martin.' The farmers about me say that they fatten kindly."

We might proceed to extract specimens of curiosity and interest to a much greater length, but we are almost ashamed of the pillage we have already, though most complacently, committed on a single volume; and shall only mention that there is a remarkable account of the depredations of mice in the Dean Forest; and an antiquarian inquiry, sustained by ancient arms, &c. found on the spot, and in possession of Mr. Jesse, respecting the passage of the Thames by Cæsar and his legions. Mr. J. inclines to fix this event at Kingston, and not at the Cowey Stakes, or lower down the river. We learn, with much regret, that he is prevented from opening a barrow on the Middlesex side, which might throw great light upon the question. There is also an excellent paper entitled "Our Village," and marking the decline of rural manners and happiness. Our few remaining quotations may be accompanied by brief comments.

The Lapwing.—"When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, and stamps the ground by the side of it with its feet, somewhat in the same manner I have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from its hole, who, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavours to make its escape, when he is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of this ingenious bird."

We have often supposed that this sort of pattering brought the worm up, by its resemblance to the sound of rain.

Fish.—"That fish have the power of hearing, there can, I think, be no doubt, as I have seen them suddenly move at the report of a gun, though it was impossible for them to see the flash. They also appear to have the sense of smelling, as they will prefer paste and worms that have been prepared by particular perfumes. They have also some curiosity, which I have witnessed by putting some new object into the water, which they have assembled around, and appeared to reconnoitre; carp, especially, would come up to a new fish which was put among them."

With regard to the sense of hearing, it is not clear that the motion of the fish may not be produced in consequence of the vibration of the water. We observe a few trifling inaccuracies in style, but they require hypercriticism to point them out; therefore we conclude with a few samples of the lively maxims on fishing, with which the volume also terminates.

"Do not imagine that, because a fish does not instantly dart off on first seeing you, he is the less aware of your presence; he almost always on such occasions ceases to feed, and pays you the compliment of devoting his whole attention to you, whilst he is preparing for a start whenever the apprehended danger becomes sufficiently imminent."

"If you pass your fly neatly and well over times over a trout, and he refuses it, do not wait any longer for him; you may be sure that he has seen the line of invitation which you have sent over the water to him, and does not intend to come."

"Remember that, in whipping with the artificial fly, it must have time, when you have drawn it out of the water, to make the whole circuit, and to be at one time straight behind you, before it can be driven out straight before you. If you give it the forward impulse too soon, you will hear a crack: take this as a hint that your fly is gone to grass."

"It appears to me that, in whipping with an artificial fly, there are only two cases in which a fish taking the fly will infallibly hook himself without your assistance, viz.: 1. When your fly first touches the water at the end of a straight line. 2. When you are drawing out your fly for a new throw. In all other cases it is necessary that, in order to hook him when he has taken the fly, you should do something with your wrist which is not easy to describe."

"If your line should fall loose and wavy into the water, it will either frighten away the fish, or he will take the fly into his mouth without fastening himself; and when he finds that it does not answer his purpose, he will spit it out again before it has answered yours."

"Never mind what they of the old school say about 'playing him till he is tired.' Much valuable time and many a good fish may be lost by this antiquated proceeding. Put him into your basket as soon as you can. Every thing depends on the manner in which you commence your acquaintance with him. If you can at first prevail upon him to walk a little way down the stream with you, you will have no difficulty afterwards in persuading him to let you have the pleasure of seeing him at dinner."

"Do not leave off fishing early in the evening because your friends are tired. After a bright day, the largest fish are to be caught by whipping between sunset and dark. Even, however, in these precious moments you will not have good sport, if you continue throwing after you have whipped your fly off. Pay attention to this; and if you have any doubt after dusk, you may easily ascertain the point, by drawing the end of the line quickly through your hand, particularly if you do not wear gloves."

"When you have got hold of a good fish, which is not very tractable, if you are married, gentle reader, think of your wife, who, like the fish, is united to you by very tender ties, which can only end with her death, or her going into weeds. If you are single, the loss of the fish, when you thought the prize your own, may remind you of some more serious disappointment."

Captain Basil Hall's Second Series of Fragments of Voyages and Travels.

[Second notice: conclusion—from p. 181.]

ANXIOUS for the fate of our friends the alligators, we anticipated, in our preceding notice of this work, the ordinary progress of review; and we must therefore beg our readers to return with us from Bombay, and set out on their voyage to India. The following remarks, on sailing from the shores of Old England for the East, are quite in Captain Hall's manner.

"It is always more teasing to be delayed at the outset of a voyage than at any other stage of its course, just as it is mortifying and hurtful to be checked in the commencement of a profession. In both cases, the influence of early disappointment is apt enough to sour the rest of the career; while, in the opposite or successful case, we often see the cheering effects of a few days' fair wind continue for months or years afterwards. Upon this occasion, we had a fine rattling easterly breeze for

eight-and-forty hours after starting, which swept us all, dull sailors and good ones, merrily out of the British channel. This fair start is always a grand affair, whatever succeeds; for if the prevalent westerly wind catches a ship before the channel is left well behind, she may be driven back to Plymouth or Falmouth, and all the agony of bills, news, leave-taking, and letters, has to be endured over again. Whereas, if she once gets the Lizard Light some fifty leagues astern of her, all these fretting distractions may be considered at an end. A totally new world—the 'world of waters'—is now entered upon, far beyond the reach even of those long-armed persons, the 'gentlemen of the press,' or the startling sound of the postman's knock, that call which so often sets off the steadiest-going pulse at a gallop! No one, indeed, who has not tried the experiment, can have an idea of the extraordinary and delightful change which a few hours can bring about in this respect, or of the peculiar calm, which, when the ship is once fairly at sea, succeeds to the furious storms, or rather squalls, of the parting scene in port. * * *

Oh the joy! the relief unspeakable! of feeling one's self fairly under weigh, and of seeing the white cliffs of Old England sink fast in the north-eastern horizon right to windward! Let the concoctors of romances and other imaginary tales say what they please of the joys of returning home; give me the happiness of a good departure, and a boundless world of untried enjoyments ahead. If a man be out of debt and out of love, or only moderately involved in either of these delicate predicaments; if he have youth and health and tolerable prospects, a good ship under his foot, a good officer above him, and good messmates to serve with, why need he wear and tear his feelings about those he leaves behind? Or rather, why need he grieve to part from those who are better pleased to see him vigorously doing his duty than idling in other people's way at home? Or wherefore should he sigh to leave those enjoyments in which he cannot honourably participate till he has earned his title to them by hardy service? On the other hand, who is there so insensible as not to feel the deepest apprehension—very often, as I know by sad experience, almost devoid of a single drop of pleasure—on returning from a long and distant voyage? How can he tell in what condition he will now find the friends from whom he parted so long ago, and of whom he may, perhaps, not have heard a word for many a long season of anxiety? Is it not too probable that his busy fancy will conjure up many more images of death and sickness, of losses and sorrows, than it can paint pictures of health, good fortune, and happiness? And will it ever happen, if the interval of absence have been long, that some of these gloomy forebodings will not be realised? May it not prove but too often the case, that those who, from being the dearest to us, we had ingeniously and fondly exempted from the fatal doom, are its first victims? Indeed, I have on these occasions been grieved and irritated at myself for canvassing beforehand, in my own mind, and in spite of every effort to change the current of my thoughts, which of all the friends in whom I was interested I could consent to lose with the least regret! And when the pile of accumulated letters is first placed in our hands after a voyage, with what sickening eagerness do we not turn from the superscription to discover the colour of the seal!"

A sea-change of linen is whimsically described.

"I merely wish (says the Captain) to give a hint to those who never tried the experiment, that there is a prodigious difference between a shirt scrubbed in salt water, and one which has been washed in fresh. We all know the misery of putting on wet clothes, or sleeping in damp sheets. Now, a shirt washed in salt water is really a great deal worse than either; because, in the cases alluded to, one may apply to the fire or the sun, and remedy the evil at the cost of a little time and trouble; but in the wretched predicament of putting on salt-water-washed linen, no such process avails any thing. You first dry your unhappy shirt, by exposing it to the sun or the fire till it seems as free from moisture as any bone; you then put it on, in hopes of enjoying the benefit of clean linen. Alas, not a whit of enjoyment follows! For if the air be in a humid state, or you are exposed to exercise, the treacherous salt, which, when crystallised, has hidden itself in the fibres of the cloth, speedily deliquesces or melts, and you have all the tortures of being once more wrapped in moist drapery. In your agony, you pull it off, run to the galley-range, and toast it over again; or you hang it up in the fiery heat of the southern sun; and when not a particle of wet seems to remain, you draw it on a second time, fancying your job at last complete. But, miserable man, you are as ill off as ever; for the insidious enemy has merely retired out of sight, but still lurks so close, that no art we yet know of will expel him, save and except that of a good sound rinsing in fresh water."

A bit of the Island of Johanna must be our next selection, though we have to skip the amusing chapter on sailors' pets.

"Most of the natives of Johanna, even the negro slaves, talk a little English; but the best examples of persons possessed of such acquisitions were found, where they ought to be, amongst the grantees of the island. The following is a fair specimen of the conversation of the dukes and earls at the capital of the Comoros. 'How do you do, sir? Very glad see you. D—n your eyes! Johanna man like English very much. God d—n! That very good? Eh? Devilish hot, sir! What news? Hope your ship stay too long while, very. D—n my eye! Very fine day.' After which, in a sort of whisper, accompanied by a most insinuating smile, his lordship, or his grace, as the rank of the party might be, would add:—'You want orange? You want goat? Cheap! I got good, very. You send me your clothes; I wash with my own hand—clean! fine! very! I got every thing, plenty, great, much! God d—n!' And then, as if to clench the favourable opinion which these eloquent appeals had made, the speaker was sure to produce a handful of certificates from mates of Indiamen, masters of Yankee brigs, and middies of men-of-war; some written in solemn earnest, some quizzically, but all declaring his lordship, the bearer, to be a pretty good washerman, but the sort of person not to be trusted far out of sight, as he would certainly walk off with your clothes-bag if he could safely do so. We had exhausted most of the topics, and all the English words of our friends of the fashionable world of Johanna, excepting the oaths, which their profligate visitors appear to have been particularly successful in sowing amongst them, when the king was graciously pleased to rise from his bamboo couch and summon us to his presence. The audience-chamber might have measured twelve feet long, and eight wide, with a window at one end made to slope like the stern-post of a ship. Under the light sat the king, with his crown on his

head—an appendage which, I must say, seems quite proper; and if it were always observed elsewhere, it would save many a bitter disappointment to children and nurses, as I can answer from actual experience in my own family, at the Tuileries, and elsewhere. But, in place of a sceptre in one hand, and a globe in the other, which he ought by rights also to have wielded, his majesty leaned both his hands on the hilt of a monstrous rusty sabre, or ship's cutlass, stuck perpendicularly between his legs, while his elbows rested on the sides of a clumsy, wooden arm-chair, exchanged probably with some master of a merchant ship for a bullock or two. The crown was amazingly grand, being stuck all round with stones, precious enough, I dare swear; and over all was thrown, not inelegantly, an Indian shawl, which dropped on either side nearly to the elastic bamboo floor, covered with rattan mats. Under the shawl we could observe a cumbersome black velvet robe, strangely ill cut, streaked across with gold lace, and garnished with a whole regiment of huge buttons. The folds of the robe concealed from our view the cut and quality of his majesty's small-clothes; but certes he wore no covering below the knee, nor any thing on his feet, except a pair of sandals, consisting of a slip of deal, half an inch thick, tied to the great toe, and laced over the instep by small bands, made of the long grass of the island. This load of finery well nigh concealed a round, fat, good-humoured, elderly personage, whose countenance gave no great promise of intellect beyond what we had found amongst his subjects below stairs."

At Bombay the author was, as we have stated, under the command of Sir Samuel Hood, of whom and his pursuits his account is altogether very interesting: we conclude by selecting a portion of it which describes the earlier scenes of their intercourse, before they arrived at the intimacy of alligator-ing together.

"A telegraphic signal had been made from the flag-staff at the admiral's house to the ship, in these words: 'Send Mr. Hall on shore, with a crow-bar, two pick-axes, and two spades.' All the way to the landing-place I puzzled myself with thinking what on earth could be the object of these tools—little dreaming, good easy lieutenant! that I was so soon to dig the grave of my own hopes. The admiral received me at the door, with his coat off; and holding out his remaining hand (his right arm was shot away in action), he squeezed mine with even more than his wonted kindness. 'I have been waiting for you with some impatience,' he said, 'to be present at the hunt after a white ant's nest—a sort of thing I know you like. These rogues, the *Termites bellicosus*, as I find the naturalists call them, have made their way into the house; and having carried their galleries up the walls and along the roof, have come down in great force upon a trunk of clothes, which they would have destroyed entirely before night had I not caught sight of them. Now let us to work; for I propose to rip up the floor of the verandah, in order to follow their passages and galleries till I reach their nest, if it be a mile off: won't this be a glorious piece of service?' exclaimed the admiral, as he warmed himself by anticipating the chase. He could hardly have been more delighted, I am persuaded, had he been giving orders for a fleet under his command to bear down upon the enemy's line. Of course I failed not to feign or feel the enthusiasm of my commander-in-chief—a little of both, perhaps; for the utmost possible, or even conceivable, familiarity of an admiral, will scarcely ever crack the ice of a

lieutenant's reserve in his commander-in-chief's presence. We may cherish and obey him, as much or more, than any wife ever did, or promised to do, her spouse; but I never yet saw a naval man, in uniform or in plain clothes, on shore or afloat, sober or merry, that could, even in appearance, bring himself to take a liberty with one who, in times past—no matter how long—had once been his commanding officer. This truth is doubly, trebly true at moments of actual service; and though Sir Samuel was all smiles and favour, standing without his coat in the verandah with a crow-bar in his grasp, his bare breast and single arm exposed naked to the sea-breeze, then just beginning to puff at intervals over the low, red-hot isthmus or neck of land between the inner harbour and the eastern beach, I could not venture to do more than bow, and say I was much obliged to him for having so considerably thought of me at such a moment."

Having regularly routed out the ants, "at last (says the narrative) we reached the great queen ant, the mother of millions of her race, a most enormous personage to be sure, nearly four inches long, and as thick as a man's finger, with a head not bigger than that of a bee, but a body such as I have described, filled with eggs, which continually rolled out like a fluid from a reservoir. Never shall I forget the shout of rapture which the gallant admiral sent over half the harbour, as he succeeded in gaining the object of his labour. There are some men who go about every thing they undertake with all their hearts and souls, and this great officer was one of those. He did nothing by halves and quarters, like so many other men. The greatest deeds of arms, or the most trivial objects of passing amusement, engrossed his whole concentrated attention for the time. He was equally in earnest when holding out examples of private generosity, or lending the heartiest and kindest encouragement even to the least distinguished of his followers, as when performing acts of the highest public spirit, or making the greatest sacrifices to what he considered his duty. Every thing, in short, that he did, or thought, or uttered, bore the stamp of the same peculiar impress of genuine zeal. So eminently exciting, and even fascinating, was this truly officer-like conduct, that even those who had served under him the longest often wondered at the extent of their own exertions when roused by his example, and were led almost to believe that his very look had something stimulating in it which actually gave fresh vigour to their arms, as well as to their thoughts. With all this, he was the gentlest of the gentle, and accomplished all he undertook without apparent effort, or the least consciousness that what he was doing was remarkable."

Enfin; there is much solid matter in this work, though Capt. Hall cunningly steals upon us under the guise of a writer for the young. The naval service may be much improved by his unassuming suggestions; and we are sure that while he teaches the old idea how to shoot, there is enough of anecdote and interest in his narrations to recommend them to general favour. Another series of three volumes is, we learn, to conclude a design which might run to a much greater extent, and still be most welcome.

Popular Lectures on Vertebrated Animals of the British Islands. Part I. Of the British Mammifera. Birmingham, 1831.

THIS course of lectures was delivered at the Mechanics' Institution of Birmingham, and we are grieved to see the desponding tone in which

the author writes of their reception. The perusal of his notes has afforded us much pleasure, though all reminiscences; but we are sure that there are many too arrogant to learn, who might be both benefited and instructed by such a course of study.

Samouelle's Entomological Cabinet. Small 8vo. No. 1. London, 1831. Andrews.

FEW sciences have made so rapid a progress within the space of a few years as that of entomology. In imitation of the attention and devotion that was given to the subject on the continent, Dr. Leach perfected this minute and difficult branch of natural history; and Mr. Samouelle's compendium may be justly said to have been the parent of many subsequent similar works. While the elements of the science have been exposed in the most alluring, and, at the same time, most lasting manner—a philosophy which originated in considerations on the affinities of insects has been so lofty as to affect other more important branches of natural history; and it now only remains for the industrious entomologist to continue the impulse given, by extending the boundaries of discovery in every possible direction, and increasing its conquests by disseminating information. We are glad that Mr. Samouelle has taken what we consider to be an excellent method of effecting this, in commencing a series of illustrations of British entomology: we will not make any comparisons; but we are sure that such a work is wanted, and that very generally. Apart from the more dry parts of science, and referring to its ordinary enjoyments, a naturalist, it has been observed, cannot sit idle in his chair, or confine himself to his apartment; he must range the fields and meadows in search of objects, with which to amuse and instruct, and need never fear that the charm of novelty will be wanting to stimulate him in his researches into the beautiful wonders formed by the plastic hand of a benevolent Creator, who has made nothing in vain. But the "glorious show" which nature presents to the observer of her exquisite works, will but too often be viewed with silent admiration, and with little curiosity, without some help or guide which may accompany the student in his rambles over the fair face of our delightful country. Such a guide is now presented to the public by our indefatigable guide, who has been for many years the keeper of the insects in the British Museum. The illustrations are what they should be, at once correct and carefully executed; and in the first Number, the beautiful green *Cicindela*, "the tiger of insects;" the chaste and elegant *Hipparchia gaulthia*; and the singularly-formed *Ranatra*, are well opposed to the better-known earwig and the *Blatta germanica*, the smaller species of cockroach: in all six plates, with about twelve pages of letter-press.

Among the illustrations of the second Number (which we have just received), as beautiful and as correct as those of the first, we particularly observe representations of that rare insect the *Cimber annulata*. The *Ornithomyia cucularia*, a parasite of swallows, but still more so of swifts, was found by the editor on a lark. We have met with it on the bodies of different species of the *grallatores* or waders. Illustrations of the pupa or eggs of insects add to the value of this Cabinet of British entomology.

We shall be happy to keep our eye upon this interesting publication, and will, as it proceeds, notice it more in a natural-historical point of view.

The Animal Kingdom. By Cuvier, &c. &c. Translated from the French, with Notes and Additions, by H. M'Murtrie, M.D. &c. 4 vols. 8vo. Plates. New York, G. and C. and H. Carvill.

AMONG the not unpleasant incidents of our present literature may be reckoned the transmission of these four volumes from the New York press to a London Literary Journal, for such candid and impartial notice as can be given to them. We lately spoke our sentiments with regard to American talent (for we know no difference of men or of countries in the *Literary Gazette*), and what we then said of the poet, we are, where desert exists, to say of the naturalist and philosopher. This edition is on inferior paper, and the plates far inferior to those of Whittaker's translation; but it is a very cheap edition—a great recommendation in these economical times. The translator has endeavoured, with considerable success, to surmount the difficulties of nomenclature; it will remain a puzzle, we fear, till there is a common language.

The Philological Museum, Nos. I. and II. Cambridge, Deighton's; London, Rivingtons; Oxford, Parker.

Of this quarterly journal only two Numbers have yet appeared, in November and February; and if the sincere tribute of our approbation can be of service to it, we most cordially offer that tribute to its excellent plan and distinguished classical learning. We have often regretted that no periodical of this class has ever succeeded to the extent it ought, either from the insufficient number of readers for whose understanding such discussions and inquiries are calculated, or from some other unexplained cause. Yet the subjects connected with ancient history and philology are noble investigations for the human mind; and even when dry and apparently unimportant in themselves, the reminiscences they awaken, and the incidental information they supply, if even tolerably well treated, are enough to recommend them to every man of education and refinement. We trust this Museum will, by its wide diffusion, become an exception by by-gone rules.

The Bee and the Wasp: a Fable in Verse. With Designs and Etchings by G. Cruikshank. Pp. 16. Tilt.

A LUDICROUS trifle, but not calculated to point a moral or teach the young idea aught but error in natural history. The whimsical designs, though the insects are limbed as never insects were, are its recommendation: the Wasp and Bee getting drunk is worth the price of the book.

Hume and Smollett's History of England. With Portraits of Hume and Smollett, and a short Memoir of Hume, written by himself. Large 8vo. double columns, pp. 1352; and Index, pp. 59. London, 1832, J. O. Robinson; New York, Leavitt; Boston, Crocker and Brewster.

We cannot call this volume *multum in parvo*, but it certainly is *multissimum in magno*; and a work of extraordinary compass, in a concentrated form, and at a very low price. To be able to get for five and twenty shillings what was wont to cost almost as many pounds, is a great thing in these economical and hard times. Besides, the reading of a good old English history is just now to be much recommended; since important changes are being made in the constitution; and when we are

called upon to look forward to so wide a prospect, it is wise and useful to turn also and cast a look back.

Tales and Novels. By Maria Edgeworth. In 18 vols. Vol. I. Containing *Castle Rackrent*, an *Essay on Irish Bulls*, and an *Essay on the noble Science of Self-justification*. London, Baldwin and Cradock.

No writer of our day is more deserving of being given to the public in the prevailing fashion of neatness and cheapness than Miss Edgeworth; and we are happy to renew our acquaintance with her delightful works in a series so likely to be popular as this is. These *Tales and Novels* opened the way to the study of Irish character, since so ably followed up by other authors; and having undergone a careful revision from Miss Edgeworth, they are still farther recommended to public regard as admirable and original sketches of national feelings and manners. The embellishments, a frontispiece and vignette for each volume, are painted by W. Harvey, and engraved by artists of the first class.

Scripture Natural History, &c. With Forty-three Engravings. By W. Carpenter. 2d Edition. 12mo. pp. 549. For the Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge.

MR. CARPENTER was lately expiating his politico-religious offences in gaol; and when we see so pleasing and useful and well-meant and meritorious a volume as the present, we cannot but express our regret that any overzealous and misguided principles should have seduced him from his better pursuits. We do not find one objectionable passage in it: on the contrary, it is most fit to be put into the hands of youth, as explaining and illustrating every thing belonging to natural history which is mentioned in the Bible.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

DR. M. HALL on the relation which subsists between the quantity of respiration and the degree of the irritability in the various species and forms of the animal kingdom. Dr. Hall is the author of an elaborate paper on this subject, which was read before the Royal Society two or three weeks ago, and noticed in these columns at the time. We shall now take up some of the points which were then passed over. Respiration is always inversely as the irritability; being high in the bird tribe and the mammalia, and lower in the reptiles and the batrachian order. The irritability was exemplified by the contractions of the heart of the eel, which continued vigorous after the beating was terminated. Birds and the mammalia consume much oxygen; but their heart speedily ceases to beat on the interruption of respiration. Tortoises, snakes, and the batrachia, have a low respiration, but their heart continues its contractions for hours, even after being removed from the body! The immature and very young animal resembles, in these respects, the reptile; the adult has comparatively a high respiration and a low irritability. The changes in form, or in the anatomy of the various tribes of animals, is always from lower to higher; changes in function, or in the physiology, on the contrary, are always inverse, i. e. from high to low. As examples of the first of these changes were adduced, the egg, the tadpole, the larva; of the second, the state of diurnation and hibernation, of torpor from cold; and of the effects of want of food: the first have augmented respiration

and diminished irritability; the second *vice versa*. Whenever the respiration is high, augmented stimulus is better borne than its abstraction; the reverse is true in cases in which there is high irritability: cold destroys in the former case, heat in the latter. In the former the privation of air and of food are speedily fatal; in the latter they are borne with comparative impunity.

In the library were some exceedingly beautiful models of steam-engines, by Mr. Adcock and Mr. Lealand; and under the microscopes of Mr. Varley and others were exhibited highly interesting instances of circulation. The evening meetings were adjourned for the Easter holidays.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

G. B. GREENOUGH, Esq. V.P., in the chair. Read a memoir on the "Progress of Discovery in the Interior of Australia," compiled under the authority of Lord Goderich, by A. Cunningham, Esq., from original documents in the Colonial Office; and forwarded, with a map and letter, from R. W. Hay, Esq., placing it at the Society's disposal.

Mr. Cunningham begins by remarking on the comparatively little interest which has been always taken in researches in Australia, compared to what has been excited by geographical investigation in other parts of the world; and in consequence of this, he considers that less, perhaps, has been really effected, and more remains still to be done here, than might be presumed, considering the length of time that the principal coasts have been occupied by British settlers. Twenty-five years passed away before the Blue Mountains, immediately behind the colony of New South Wales, were traversed; and even the impulse of severe distress from prolonged drought, seemed necessary to accomplish the object. A variety of expeditions have been since then fitted out, in some of which Mr. Cunningham himself took a part; and the success has been various, and on the whole satisfactory. Still, however, the progress made is relatively inconsiderable, and a vast extent of interior yet remains to excite the curiosity and stimulate the enterprise of future adventurers.

It was in 1813 that the successful enterprise which marks the commencement of inland discovery in Australia took place. The individuals engaged in it were Messrs. Blaxland, Wentworth, and Lawson; their great object being, if possible, to discover new pastures for the cattle of the colony, the supplies for which were entirely burnt up in the known plains. They ascended the mountains near the Grose River (a tributary of the Hawkesbury); and, by steadily following its windings, and availing themselves of every facility furnished by the ravines traversed by it, they at last accomplished their purpose; penetrating to a point twenty-five miles west of the Nepean River, when the Bathurst Downs were seen to spread out along the base of the mountains. Want of provisions obliged them now to return; but their course was followed up by Mr. Evans, the government surveyor; and in the following year a practicable road was even cut to these plains by convict labour; great additional resources being thus obtained for the colony, and the rivers Lachlan and Macquarrie being progressively discovered.

The next considerable expedition took place in 1817; under the late Mr. Oxley, then surveyor-general, joined, among others, by Mr. Cunningham himself, just arrived in the colony as king's botanist. The first object was to

trace the course of the Lachlan, which, it was hoped, might be found to join the Macquarrie at some distance, and form with it a considerable stream. But this expectation was not verified; this river, on the contrary, being found to lose itself in about long. 144° 30' E., and without receiving a single tributary along its whole course, in a vast swampy plain, not raised above 250 feet above the level of the sea, and bearing evident marks of being frequently overflowed. From this point, then, Mr. Oxley commenced his return, little thinking that twenty miles more to the south-west he would have found another river, the Morrumbuggee, since ascertained to drain the Lachlan marshes in its progress to the sea at Spencer's Gulf; and directed his steps to the eastward, with a view to re-cross the Lachlan, and gain the Macquarrie, to ascertain the direction of its course. After six days' severe exertion, he accomplished the former purpose; the second was also successfully obtained soon after; and, though now obliged to return, the great width and depth of the Macquarrie where thus cut, and its steady progress to the north-west, gave great hopes that, on some future occasion, it would be found to realise the expectation, then at its height, of discovering a navigable river communication, across the whole continent, with the Indian ocean. The following year, however, extinguished this also. The Macquarrie was then found equally to lose itself in an extensive marsh; and the chief result of these two expeditions was thus, the discovery of the great extent of the Bathurst, Liverpool, and other plains, which skirt the western base of the Blue Mountains in a northerly direction.

From 1819 to 1823 the chief researches were made to the southward; and the line of mountains being then also passed, the Morrumbuggee, and the fine plains called the Brisbane Downs, which it waters, were successively examined. In 1824 Messrs. Hovell and Hume, two enterprising agriculturists, determined also, at their own expense, to endeavour to penetrate from Argyle, in New South Wales, south-west to the shores of Bass's Straits; and after sustaining and overcoming great hardships and difficulties, they effected their purpose, and came out at Port Phillip. Their return was along a more westerly and, consequently, lower line, and was not, therefore, so fatiguing as their outward course. It still farther, however, added to the knowledge previously gained of this south-east nook of Australia.

Mr. Cunningham next proceeds in his memoir to give the particulars of a journey to the north-west, prosecuted under his own direction in 1825, and of which we may probably also furnish an analysis in a future No. of the *Lit. Gaz.* The thanks of the Society were voted to the Right Hon. the President, to Mr. Hay, and to Mr. Cunningham, for this very valuable and interesting communication. The beauty of the map accompanying which, also compiled from the best authorities in the Colonial Office, was much admired.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair. A communication, entitled "On the imperfect development of the reproductive organs in certain species of *Euphorbia* and *Saxifraga*," by Mr. Don, was read. The author remarks, that examples of imperfect development of the stamens and pistils are much more frequent than is generally believed, and he particularly notices those which occur in *Euphorbia* and *Saxifraga*. It would seem that certain families of plants are more prone to abortions of this kind. The

flower of *Euphorbia*, considered by Linnaeus as simple, is now regarded as a species of umbel, composed of an indefinite number of monandrous flowers, with a solitary pistilliferous flower occupying the axis of the umbel. There were also read some remarks on the llama, alpaca, vicuña, and guanaco, by Mr. W. Bollaert, formerly chemical assistant at the Royal Institution. These animals, referred by Linnaeus to the same genus with the camel and dromedary, were separated from it by Illiger under the name of *auachenia*. Two of them, the llama and alpaca, are only to be met with in a domestic state; the other two are wild. Buffon and most naturalists consider the guanaco as the wild llama, and the vicuña as the wild alpaca; but Mr. Bollaert is disposed to regard them as constituting four distinct species. The guanaco ranges from near the equator to the Straits of Magellan, and its skin affords the principal clothing of the Patagonians.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

APRIL 12th.—Mr. Hallam in the chair. A communication was read from the venerable father of the Society, and late treasurer, Mr. Bray, who, in an accompanying letter begged their acceptance of it as a last token of his respect and regard, at the advanced age of ninety-six. The subject was an ancient gravestone in the churchyard of Great Bookham, Surrey, which has escaped the notice of previous topographical writers: it is without date or inscription, and has a cross floree carved in relief, the length of the stone; and Mr. Bray considers it to have been placed over the remains of Rutherford, abbot of Chertsey, in 1342. A paper was also communicated by Mr. Ellis on Cadmon's Scriptural Paraphrase, one of the Anglo-Saxon works proposed to be published by the Society. Mr. Woodward communicated, through Mr. Hudson Gurney, an account of some judicial proceedings at Norwich against the royalists, in the year 1675.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

APRIL 4th.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. in the chair. A paper was read containing an explanation of five classical Greek vases, lately found at Vulci, in the ruins of some ancient Greek city, formerly existing on the shores of Etruria, near the modern city of Viterbo, in the papal territory. This paper was by the Chev. P. C. Brünsted, and was nearly the same as the articles 21, 22, 27, 30, and 32, of a work since printed by the author, "on Thirty-two ancient Greek Vases," &c. Four of the splendid earthen vessels, to which the explanations relate, were exhibited to the meeting.

Numerous presents of books were laid upon the table.

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS IN AUSTRIA.

AUSTRIA, which has never recognised a real freedom of the press since the time of Joseph II., exercises not only a more rigorous censorship over the press than any other state of the German confederation, but also a less tolerant police with respect to reading. The censor is to take into consideration not only the illegal or immoral contents of the work, but its object and tendency, and even the goodness, the scientific or intellectual value of the MS. If he finds it contrary to the law, he pronounces a *Non admittitur* over it; if he merely considers it as unworthy of being printed, he sentences it by a *Typus non meretur*. An *admittitur* is pronounced when he has no objec-

tion whatever to make to it: it is only in this case that it can appear with the name of the printer. Many an *admittitur*, however, allows indeed the printing of the MS.—but either without naming any place of publication, or a fictitious name of some place abroad. *Toleratur* allows the MS. to be printed and announced in the catalogue of books, but not to be advertised in the newspapers. Compilations and the like, though their contents may be quite unobjectionable, are to be treated with the greatest strictness; above all, political writings. Duplicates must be delivered of every MS.; one copy is kept back, that it may be compared with the printed copy.

The censorship with regard to permission to read has four degrees. *Admittitur* allows a work to be publicly sold and advertised in the newspapers. *Transat* allows it to be publicly sold, but not advertised. *Erga schedam* allows it to be sold only to literati and people in business, who sign an acknowledgment in writing; but the list of the purchasers is to be laid before the emperor himself every three months. *Damnatur* puts an extinguisher on it at once.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

[Fifth and concluding Notice.]

SCULPTURE ROOM.

MANY of the works in this department of art display considerable talent. Some of them have already come under our notice: of those which have not, our limits will only allow us briefly to point out.—No. 894. *Zephyrus and Aurora, a group in marble*. C. Rossi, R.A. Beautiful in form and sentiment; and to which the term "breathing marble" may be well applied.—No. 898. *The Murder of the Innocents*. C. Smith. Better calculated to shew the skill of the artist, than as a subject, either for sculpture or for painting.—No. 900. *The Orphan Girl*. T. Kirk. The expression, although good, a little artificial. A tear does not belong to sculpture.—No. 844. *A Horse's Head*. M. C. Wyatt. A most animated resemblance of this noble animal; worthy of the antique; yet perhaps too much of the pedantry of the antique in the wrinkles about the nostrils.

Of the busts, which are numerous; and, generally speaking, full of character, a few of the principal are,—No. 838. *Baron Bolland*. R. W. Sievier; No. 841. *Posthumous Bust of the late H. Liversege*. J. Stephens; No. 842. *Marble Bust of a little Girl*. C. Moore; No. 854. *Bust of his Father*. W. Woole; No. 885. *Colonel Jones*. J. Haskell; No. 888. *William Mulready, Esq.* R.A. C. Moore; No. 893. *James Stewart, Esq., Historical Engraver*. H. Weigall.

Most of the engravings in this room we have elsewhere mentioned. But we do not recollect to have before seen.—No. 928. *Departure of the Children of Israel from Egypt, from a picture by D. Roberts*. J. P. Quilley. Distinguished for grandeur and effect.—No. 918. *Madelaine, from a Painting by W. Borell*. J. Bromley. A charming example of skill, both in the painter and in the engraver.—No. 914. *Portrait of J. Liston, Esq., from a Painting by G. Clint, Esq.* A.R.A. H. S. Sadd. Strange that this mirth-inspiring mortal should have so sad a countenance; but still stranger that he should have had a *Sadd* engraver of his portrait; who, however, despite of his name, has performed his task in a highly satisfactory manner.

WATER-COLOUR ROOM.

In variety and interest as attractive as the rest of the exhibition. Some of its most prominent features are.—No. 596. *Sketch of James Northcote, Esq. R.A., made in his bed-room a short time before his death.* D. McClise. Admirable in resemblance, execution, and effect.—No. 736. *Composition.* S. Gompertz. A spirited and beautiful drawing; well calculated to serve for the foundation of a tale of romance.—No. 618. *The Mower.* No. 798. *The Oyster-man.* R. Brandard. No. 769. *Study from Nature.* W. Derby. All clever examples of subjects in familiar life.—No. 759. *Greenwich Hospital.* J. M. Ince. Mr. Ince has several admirable productions; we select this as one of the best: it is distinguished by its clearness and brilliancy.—No. 579. *Palace of Philip le Bel, Paris.* J. Holland. A new feature in the practice of this artist; equal in skill to his former productions.—No. 776. *Frame containing four drawings.* D. Roberts. All worthy the name and the fame of this highly-gifted artist. No. 819. *The Roadstall at St. Alban's, with Monks watching the Shrine of the Saint.* S. A. Hart. A clever composition well calculated for a large picture.—No. 820. *The Disconsolate.* C. Hancock. Every one must sympathise with the faithful and sorrowing animal.—No. 797. *Sketch of a young Lady.* S. J. Rochard. A drawing of more fascinating expression, or more skilfully treated, we do not recollect to have ever seen.—No. 792. *Dieppe Castle.* C. Marshall. A very clever specimen of picturesque architecture: broad in execution, and clear in effect.—No. 782. *Water-mill at Gangville.* J. W. Allen. We select this from a number of Mr. Allen's fine drawings, as especially remarkable for its picturesque character, for the chaste simplicity of its colour, and for the skilful manner in which it is handled.—For similar reasons, we refer the visitor to No. 559. *Study from nature;* No. 808. *A Sketch from nature;* and No. 814. *Hampstead Heath, a Sketch.* T. C. Holland.—No. 586. *Pola, a composition.* W. P. Bayley. Beautifully imaginative.—There are also many clever studies by Stark, Burgess, Herriot, &c.

Among the miniatures, the works of Mrs. James Robertson continue to hold the foremost rank; although there are several whose performances are scarcely less distinguished for their excellence; among whom we may name J. Holmes, W. Barclay, J. W. Wright, Miss T. Corboux, &c.

The fruit, flowers, and still-life, are the remaining claims upon our notice. No. 523. *A composition of Flowers and Fruit, from nature.* Mrs. Withers. This beautiful assemblage is invested by the hand of the fair artist with some of the highest qualities of art; as is also No. 831. *A Group of Flowers.* Miss J. F. Minton. In No. 606, *Group of Hollyhocks,* by W. Spry, we recognise one of the finest examples of the kind that we have ever met with. No. 793, *Composition of Flowers,* and No. 799, *A Greenfinch's Nest,* by G. Sintzenich, are equally admirable for truth of representation, and delicate and highly-finished execution. No. 730, *A Teal,* and No. 732, *Yarmouth Herrings,* G. S. Shepherd, are also fine specimens of the class of art to which they belong.

EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

This gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water-colours, in Old Bond Street, opened on Monday last. We are happy to say that it presents a very pleasing exhibition of varied

talent. There are several of the contributors to it, with whom, but for the opportunity thus afforded, the public might, for some time at least, have remained unacquainted; but whose works would in no way have discredited the rooms of the old, and long-established Society of Painters in the same branch of art. As might be expected, the leading feature in this exhibition is landscape, in which department the members of the Society are well supported by the artists of well-known skill. There are also some clever subjects from familiar life, as well as from still-life, fruit, and flowers. These, with the addition of a few very beautiful miniatures, make a goodly show; highly creditable as a commencement, and which may fairly be said to deserve, if not to command success.

As a novelty in landscape painting, and as possessing great merit, the productions of Mr. Bentley are very striking; appearing to us in their spirit and character not a little to resemble those of the lamented Bonington. The finest of them seem to us to be—No. 61, *View in the Highlands;* No. 77, *View near Dunkirk;* and No. 171, *Near Litchfield.*—No. 163, *Evening, composed from the surrounding Scenery where the Poem (Gray's Elegy) was written,* by J. Powell, is solemn and grand; in excellent accordance with the subject. No. 43, *St. Alban's, from Holwell Hill, Herts;* and No. 136, *Figures on the Beach at Folkestone,* are also among the best specimens of Mr. Powell's talents.—No. 48. *The Old Mill and Bridge, at Mantles, on the Seine.* C. R. Stanley. Commend us to any old mill, or old bridge, or old edifice of whatever kind, and Mr. Stanley as the painter of it. Under other Nos. with his name may be found other works, equally characterised by their picturesque beauty, and skilful execution. No. 66. *Retirement, Worsbro' Dale, Yorkshire.* W. Cowen. This young artist has studied in Italy, and with effect, as may be seen in No. 25, *Lago Maggiore;* but he has here found a scene at home in which his talents appear to at least as much advantage. A little less vividness of green would, we think, be beneficial to some of his performances.—No. 30. *Street Scene at Kiel, in the Duchy of Holstein.* J. M. Ince. Sparkingly brilliant, and beautifully clear. Mr. Ince has several other drawings of great merit.—No. 42. *A singular Cavern in the Vale of Clwyd, North Wales.* T. Wood. A more romantic scene, or one executed with more skill, we have seldom met with: it is worthy of the pencil of Salvator.—No. 49, *Interior of Tottenhall Church, Staffordshire.* S. R. Lines, jun. The church at least is no junior; and for its picturesque character, it is difficult to conceive any thing to surpass it.—No. 137, *View of Millbank—Morning;* No. 251, *Tower Stairs—Twilight;* No. 262, *View from Greenwich—Sunset;* G. F. Phillips. These, among others by the same artist, may rank in point of effect and execution with the best of their class: they exhibit talents hitherto very little known, but which we have no doubt will soon be justly appreciated.—No. 36, *A Cottage near Cromer;* J. Stark. Though new in his water-colour practice, Mr. Stark, as in his oil pictures, still "holds the mirror up to nature": there is "truth and daylight" in all his views.—No. 73, *Study from Nature;* E. Duncan. Chaste, faithful, and elegant.

In taking notice of some of the subjects from familiar life, we shall commence with No. 120, *A Study.* E. T. Parris. Where shall we find, or what shall we call, a finished performance, and that of the most fascinating kind, if this be not one? It sparkles like an emerald of the purest water.—No. 141, *Fisherman Mend-*

ing his Net; R. Brandard. One of the most spirited sketches we have seen, even from Mr. Brandard's hand. Similar praise may be bestowed on No. 81, *Four Sketches from Nature,* R. W. Buss.—Among the more finished productions of this class are, No. 166, *Juliet,* J. Holmes, and No. 173, *Lavinia,* W. Pasten. In the last-mentioned work, the older female is admirably depicted.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

RIVA DI SAN MARCO.

It must be borne in mind that the legend which we are about to produce is recorded by more than one authentic chronicler, and that it was sufficiently believed to give birth to a public religious ceremony. In the year 1341, an inundation of many days' continuance had raised the water three cubits higher than it had ever before been seen in Venice; and during a stormy night, while the flood appeared to be still increasing, a poor old fisherman sought what refuge he could find by mooring his bark close to the Riva di San Marco. The storm was yet raging, when three persons approached, and offered him a good fare if he would convey them to the two castles of Sion. Scarcely had they gained the strait, when they saw a galley, rather flying than sailing up the Adriatic, manned (if we may so say) with devils, who seemed hurrying with fierce and threatening gestures to sink Venice in the deep. The strangers conjured the fiends to depart: at the word, the demoniacal galley vanished, and the three holy passengers were quietly landed. "Go to the dogs," said one, "and the procurator, and assure them that, but for us three, Venice would have been drowned. I am St. Mark, my two comrades are St. George and St. Nicholas." On the morrow, the fisherman did as he was told, and he not only received his fare, but an annual pension to boot. Moreover, a solemn procession and thanksgiving were appointed, in gratitude to the three holy corpses which had rescued from such calamity the land affording them burial.—*Abridged from Sketches of Venetian History.*

Now glory to St. Nicholas, St. George, and good St. Mark,

And to the ancient fisherman who steered the blessed bark;

When lowered the mighty firmament—one black foredooming page!

And, wild and high, the waves howled by, foamy and white with rage!

The thunders clamoured to the blast, the lightnings flashed about,

Like flaming brands by demons forged amidst that hellish rout;

The proudest halls of Venice rocked unto their very base,

And mothers gazed in agony upon their children's face!

Still eastward swept the sainted bark, and smote the billows back,

Calm as the eagle floats along its cloud-beleaguered track;

The whirlwind owned the spirit-grasp of some superior sway,

And, shrieking, vanished like a fiend defeated of its prey!

Then gazed the aged fisherman upon the glorious three,

And moved the helm with trembling hand, and marvelled silently;

For rays of light upon his sight in angel-beauty gleamed

From brows more eminently fair than poet's fancy dreamed!

Now blacker vapours choked the breath, and sadder sights appeared,

As through the Adriatic strait the venturous vessel steered!

A galley thronged with demons foul was scudding o'er the wave,

Which deeper grew, and faster flew, at every sign they gave!

And horrid conjurations there, and curses long and wild,

Doomed to the last and worst despair, mother, and sire, and child!

Devoted towers, and palaces, and temples, to that tide

Whose dreadful billows leaped around in their tempestuous pride!

But lo! the sacred bark wore on, the galley shook with dread,

The demons impeded their wings of flame, and, howling, turned and fled!

The horrors of that spectral sea at once were put to flight,

As the morning stole, like a parting soul, from the grave of the buried night!

Joy! joy for Venice!—fast and far the song of gladness flows;

The grateful mother clasps her child, and half forgets her woes:

The sea hath moaned itself to sleep within the tranquil bay,

And sunny is the welcome sky, and beautiful its ray!

Now bid the voice of prayer arise, and wreath the holy shrine,

For shielded hath our city been by influence divine!

Thanksgiving to the Virgin pour beside this hallowed bark;

And glory to St. Nicholas, St. George, and good St. Mark!

C. SWAIN.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

WALKS ABOUT TOWN BY THE DEVIL INCOG!

Picked up near the Crater of Mount Stromboli.

NO. I.

Memoranda on Men and Things.

ONE half of the world is ignorant of what the other is doing. Ay, three parts of mankind have but little knowledge of the proceedings of the other quarter. With all the organ of inquisitiveness so largely developed in the human race, and with all the societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge which have been established from London to Loo-Choo, society is in a lamentable state of ignorance with regard to the real state of things going on around them. People imagine that they are wise, that they know the secrets of their neighbours, that they have fathomed the mystery which has produced certain effects; but, generally speaking, they know nothing, or, at the most, so little as not to be worth mentioning. I am fully aware, that plausible deductions may be drawn from close observation; but things are not as they seem, and general observers look at the truth through a perverted medium. Most people endeavour to appear amiable; in fact, from a superficial acquaintance with the world, one would really imagine it was peopled by a race of philanthropists. There is so much of the greatest-happiness principle; so much of the equal distribution of property; so many Useful Knowledge, Temperance, Prevention of Cruelty, Suppression of Vice, Philanthropic, and Humane Societies; so much charity, so much friendship, so much religion;—subscriptions are entered into, donations given, and legacies left, for the most benevolent purposes. Should, an ancient church become unsafe and ruinous, a meeting is called, speeches are made, and in due course of time the building is restored to all its former beauty; should some distant part of the world be visited by any unforeseen calamity, a vast number of people dine together, and consider the best means of affording effectual relief to the sufferers. Humanity is universal. Yet, in spite of knowledge, Lord — does not know schedule A from schedule B; though a Temperance society has been established, people prefer the gin-

shop to the pump; though laws have been made for the prevention of cruelty to animals, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and hare-hunting, are as much in fashion as ever; though several gentlemen have joined together for the suppression of vice, vice prospers among the high and among the low; though so much philanthropy exists, burking has been very generally practised; and although Humane societies have for some time been established, people will patronise Waterloo Bridge as the most comfortable place whence to drown themselves. In spite of the greatest-happiness principle, the cholera prevents us from receiving any enjoyment; and in contradiction to an equal distribution of property, honest men are incarcerated for appropriating other people's goods and chattels.

Philosophers talk of the march of intellect, yet the world is nothing the wiser. Sages proclaim that the schoolmaster is abroad, yet I think it would have been better for them if they had kept him more to themselves. Political economists publish their theories, yet the population, for whose good they are so anxious, starve, and take little notice of their labours. Orators speak very furiously against slavery in the colonies, yet go home and submit to domestic slavery without a murmur. In all cases it is the same. Sayings and doings are as far apart as alpha and omega; and the universal notions of things are as opposite from their true character as the poles. People have two faces, one for at home, and the other for abroad; and two sets of opinions, one for themselves, and the other for their friends. Mankind judge of each other by what they see; but they never see the truth. Men may be phrenologists and physiognomists—they may peruse the features and become familiar with the cranium; but they never read the heart. It is very well to talk of metaphysics, but more people have become ignorant through a little knowledge of its mysteries, than have been enlightened by the most intense study of its abstruse theories. For my part, I have always paid particular attention to investigations of the intellectual faculties. During my stay at the German universities I studied with Kant, and was initiated into the profound truths of his philosophy. At one time or other I have taken my degrees in every college in Europe. Learning is of as much value to a demon, as it can possibly be to any body else—an accomplished devil always makes his way in the world, and is respected by his superiors—I have found it so. I should never have been so successful in Germany had I not been learned in the sciences; and I should have done nothing with Faust, had he not honoured me for my superior knowledge. It is an important truth that knowledge is power; but it is a two-edged weapon that requires a skillful hand to wield it with effect. Mankind use it as a weapon of offence, but more frequently harm themselves than their opponents. It is a pity that they do not know how to manage it better. I regret the mischief it occasions, the heart-burnings, jealousies, disputes, hatred, and uncharitableness. Man will quarrel about the pronunciation of a Hebrew name, and fight about the explanation of an Egyptian hieroglyphic. But I will leave off moralising; and explain what brought me here.

For the last thousand years I have been laboriously occupied, from one extremity of the world to the other;—now encouraging the slave-trade on the coast of Africa, now patronising a tyrant on that of Portugal; educating pirates in the Egean, or smugglers in the Thames; sometimes aiding a despot in Russia, at others enjoying a rebellion in Ireland; once

I stirred up a revolution in France, and twice led on the barbarians to the slaughter of Poland. Business increased, and I found the labour more than any devil could do. My long and valuable services, I thought, deserved some relaxation; so, after the capture of Warsaw, I asked leave of absence, and had a furlough granted me with very flattering marks of approbation. I flew with the wings of the wind, keeping up my spirits, during my long journey, with anticipations of the happiness I should enjoy in again beholding my wife and family, whom I had not seen since the flood. I need not describe our meeting: an affectionate husband can only feel as I felt after so long a separation. I clasped my last boy in my arms, (he was three thousand years old last birthday), and imprinted on his lips one burning kiss. I am naturally a devil of warm feelings; and I could not help—perhaps it was a weakness—shedding scolding tears of joy at our reunion. Men of fashion may sneer at conjugal felicity; but I felt that perfect domestic happiness which none but devils enjoy.

I was left to the bliss of my undisturbed tranquillity for several months, amusing my leisure by instructing my little one in polite accomplishments, and writing articles on our foreign and domestic policy for the Infernal Review, a periodical of great merit, yet somewhat given to puffing—a practice, to be sure, in our warm climate, not so much to be condemned. I succeeded in establishing a Geological Society, and delivered a lecture on the properties of sulphur and bitumen, which made a prodigious sensation; and the Royal Satanic University were so pleased with it, that they immediately created me an LL.D., which means *learning-loving devil*. But from my academic honours I was hastily summoned by a letter from the prime minister, requesting my immediate presence at court. With all the ardour of a loyal subject, I hastened to obey the command. My gracious sovereign, with that urbanity which none know so well how to assume, welcomed me to his presence, and shortly afterwards withdrew with me into the council-chamber. There I met the officers of state, the hereditary legislators, and the judges, engaged in some serious and important debate. When his majesty entered, all was attention and respect. Introducing me in a most flattering manner to the assembled conclave, he addressed them thus:

“My Imps and Devils,—Having seen the most convincing proofs of the attachment of our friend and cousin Mephistophiles to our person, and having received from him great and important services, we have thought it necessary to reward his fidelity to our crown by creating him a prince of the empire and privy counsellor of state; and as we have lately obtained such testimony of the excellent understanding existing between our allies in England and ourselves, we, in addition to the honours already granted, appoint him our ambassador extraordinary to the court of London.”

Overpowered by the excess of my gratitude for this munificent act of the royal bounty, I knelt down at his majesty's feet, and kissed the king's hand. He raised me gently, and I was immediately installed into my new dignities.

I saw nothing during my journey worthy of notice, except the comet; but as that has already been sufficiently described, I need not mention it here. London's a fine place; it is much altered since I was here last with my old friend St. Danstan. The devil is evidently patronised by the people; for I beheld the walls

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covered with announcements of forthcoming plays, under the titles of "Dominique, or It is the Devil," "Fra Diavolo," "Robert the Devil," "The Fiend Father," and several others. I was well aware that mankind had long been in the habit of playing the devil, but was not previously aware that they played the devil with the drama. I entered a bookseller's, to see some new publications, and was shewn "The Devil's Walk," "The Devil's Visit," "The Devil in Search of a Wife," "Satan, a Poem," and many others bearing similar titles. The literature I considered at a devilish low ebb; but I could not help laughing at the illustrations. Had the bookseller imagined that the very respectable gentleman to whom he was shewing the books was the original of those designs, I question much whether he would have exhibited, for any length of time, either his goods or himself.

I am now, for the present, "a young man about town," frequenting the best company, and enjoying all the pleasures of the fashionable world. As I can transform myself into what shape I please, and become invisible when it suits my purpose, I have the best opportunity of judging of men and things: all is open to me, from the king's chamber to the beggar's cell. The fruit of my observations on the proceedings around will be developed in some future papers, of which this is but the introduction.

MEPHISTOPHILES.

MUSIC.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Remembrance, or Songs of the Year, for 1832. Songs and music dedicated to the Duchess of Kent. Edited by T. Latour. London, Chappell, Andrews, Cramer and Co., Colliard.

THIS publication is beautifully got up (as the phrase is, and as is so much the aspiration of musical publishers now a' days); and the music is at least simple and pretty enough to render it one of the most pleasant of this species of Annuals. "Float down the Tide, fair Rose," a duet, by Wade, has especially charmed our fancy: the change in the air from soft and melancholy to lively is quite delightful. An Italian arietta, "Vien di quest' elci all' ombra," composed by Costa, is delightful; and an impromptu, by the editor himself, is sufficient to confirm the reputation he has long enjoyed. There are a number of prints—among others the four seasons; a sort of hint that the music may last throughout the whole year.

The Musical Forget Me Not. Edited by T. Mackinlay. London, R. Ackermann. ANOTHER musical Annual, and quite as good as any we have seen. We will only particularise two sweet songs, "Oh! sing me to rest," by Horn, and "The Sailor's Grave," by Mrs. H. Shelton, the composer of the popular ballad "The Land which no Mortal may know." Several other pretty airs make the *Forget Me Not* an extremely acceptable present.

The Nosegay. Edited by F. W. N. Bayley and J. F. Dannelly. London, Dannelly. OF this volume, we need only say, that it is a very sweet nosegay, though without any exotics, if we may not rank a selection from the Spanish and another from the German as such. The first song is stated to be original, by Lord Byron: it runs thus—

"They say that Hope is happiness,
But genuine love must prize the past;
And memory wakes the thoughts that bless—
They rose the first—they set the last!

And all that Memory loves the most
Was once our only hope to be!
And all that Hope adored and lost
Hath melted into Memory.

Alas! it is delusion all,
The future cheats us from afar,
Nor can we be what we recall,
Nor dare we think on what we are."

Too sure I never can forget.

THIS does great credit to the popular composer of the "Deep, deep Sea." The Galopade bears a close resemblance to the "Market Chorus" in *Masaniello*, also sung in *The Widow*.

Ladye Jane. By G. Linley, Esq. London, E. Dale.

BEAUTIFUL music; but we could say with Yates, in *Damon and Pythias*, "the name of Jane always puts us in mind of a mop and a pail."

The bright Summer Time: the Sea Maiden's Song. Published at the Royal Harmonic Institution.

Two very sweet ballads by G. F. Harris, which will, we are sure, be heard with pleasure in every drawing-room.

Under the Rose. Written and composed by S. Lover, and arranged by Horn. London, Falkner.

A NICE lively ballad, delightfully sung by Madame Vestris in *The Widow*.

DRAMA.

ON Saturday last Miss F. Kemble performed *Lady Macbeth* at Covent Garden, and in a manner, severe as is the test, not to detract from her high reputation.

The Adelphi closed its very meritorious and successful season, as did also the Olympic; and at both suitable addresses were delivered.

Mr. Yates, Mr. Rayner, and some others, (we believe,) began the week with entertainments which were supposed not to be contrary to usual observances of the period; but the lord chamberlain interfered on Wednesday, and all the houses were closed.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

Covent Garden, April 5.—I forgot in my last to mention a circumstance, which struck me as a capital joke, on the first night of the *Hunchback*. It was remarked by those around me, and has been since, pretty generally, that *Modus* is a somewhat close transcript of *Gradus*, in *Who's the Dupe?* Mr. Knowles himself is so fully aware of this, that in one scene, instead of "Here comes your cousin *Modus*," he inadvertently said, "Here comes your cousin *Gradus*."

King's Theatre, April 12.—Madame Grandoli, as *Romeo*, poisons herself, not with a phial, but with a lozenge—a most absurd effect!

Strand Theatre, April 13.—Ramo Samé has grown quite a wag. When about to swallow a stone, some person expressed his doubt as to the stone being a stone—"Him be tone!" exclaimed the Indian; "him cum from Regin Pak (Regent's Park); and (putting it in his mouth) me 'sure you him not so soft as mosh potato!"

VARIETIES.

Sir W. Scott.—Naples, end of March. Sir Walter Scott, it is said, has not suspended his literary occupations, amidst the manifold objects that engage his attention here. He is said to be about a new novel, or tale, the subject of

which is taken from the history of the Knights of Malta, and was probably suggested to him by his visit to that island.

Stamped Journals.—A few worthies who had made themselves obnoxious to the laws by the publication of cheap periodicals, some of them exceedingly blasphemous, others only personal and libellous, fancied the other day that it would be a good joke to get the *Literary Gazette* to fight their battle for them against the revenue. They therefore, in their honourable course, took up the trade of common informers; and, by way of meeting their own trouble, tried to involve in difficulties a publication which has nothing in common with them. The old proverb says, it is a consolation to have friends in misfortune; but on this occasion it would not do. The *Literary Gazette*, of which one edition (with a very brief notice of the news of the week) is stamped to render it a newspaper transmissible by post, and another is published for delivery in town as a pamphlet without a stamp,—has proceeded with the sanction of the crown officers, and on an arrangement perfectly understood by the stamp office; and having paid, in double duties to the revenue, the amount of some 30,000*l.* in a few years, its proprietors could scarcely be placed in the same situation with those who infest the public with political squibs and attacks on church and state, and who never contributed five pounds in taxation since they first undertook to illuminate mankind. We are bound to say that several of our best-humoured contemporaries refused to countenance this notable scheme.

Ivory Surface Globes.—An admirable globe of this description has just been produced, for facilitating the teaching of astronomy and geography by delineation with the pencil. A handsome sphere, set in a neat frame, which is so contrived as to allow the poles to be elevated and depressed at pleasure, and with the great lines, &c. marked upon its polished surface, is presented to youthful students for the exercise of their skill and ingenuity in tracing upon it either celestial or terrestrial figures. We can hardly imagine a more pleasing occupation, or one so likely to make a lasting impression on the memory; and we warmly recommend this invention to parents and schoolmasters.

Banks of the Rhine, March.—The ancient fable of the mountain spirit of Rodenstein is again revived. A German journal contains the following letter:—"From the Odenwald, March 1832. The belief that there will be war in the German empire in the course of this year, has become a certainty in the mouths of the lower classes of the inhabitants of the Odenwald; and this certainly is not founded on the complicated state of political affairs, but on a circumstance which, in the opinion of these people, admits of no dispute. It seems that in the course of this month the mountain spirit went from the well-known ruined castle of Rodenstein to the mountain called Schnel-lertsburg, which is about a league and a half distant. Many inhabitants of the little village of Eberbach, at the end of which stand the ruins of the castle of Rodenstein, in a wild romantic spot, and on a moderate eminence, surrounded by woods, heard, in the first days of this month, in the afternoon, a great noise in the air, as of the rumbling of waggons, cracking of whips, barking of dogs, the sound of horns, the clash of arms, &c., which seemed to approach them. In vain did they strain their

* We believe that, through the inclination to write may still be strong in our immortal countryman, the state of his health is not such as to permit its indulgence as speculated upon at Naples.—Ed. L. G.

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ADDRESS.

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